Weak Links in the NATO Chain
November 21, 1963 35¢
THE BATTLE OF THE GREAT LAKES

THE REPORTER

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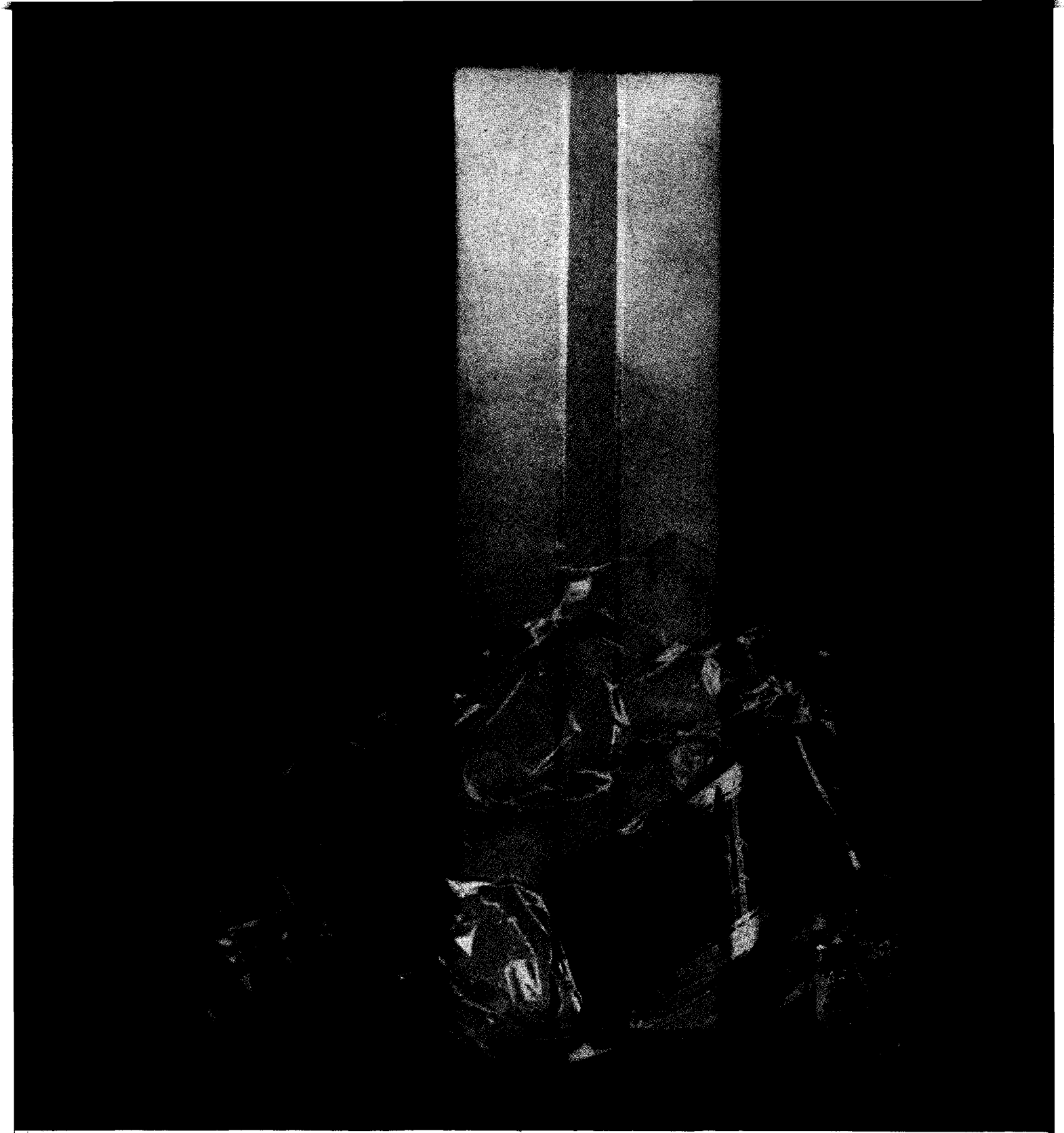

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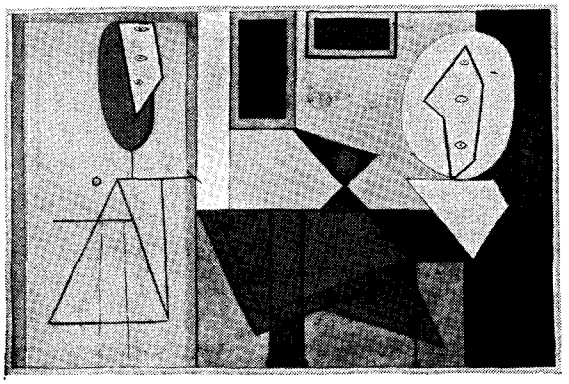

Can you see any similarity between these two paintings?

TO THE UNDISCERNING EYE these paintings—one by Picasso, the other by the 17th-century Dutch artist Vermeer—appear to be about as unrelated as any two works of art could possibly be. To the knowing eye, however, there are striking similarities between them, quite as obvious as their differences. In fact, the Picasso work, to quote from one of the portfolios in the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, "is such a close parallel to the Vermeer that it might almost have been painted to demonstrate how the Vermeer could be translated into abstract terms."

Knowing what to look for when you stand before great works of art obviously adds immeasurably to your enjoyment; indeed, to be able to view paintings with understanding can be one of life's most rewarding experiences. Yet it is surprising how many cultivated persons have cut themselves off from this rare form of pleasure. When visiting a museum, they see nothing beyond what the paintings are "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

Anyone who suffers from this sort of bafflement probably has never had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or to attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York developed its unusual program of assisted self-education in the appreciation of art.

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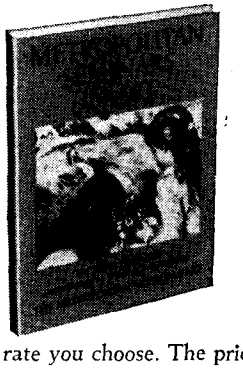

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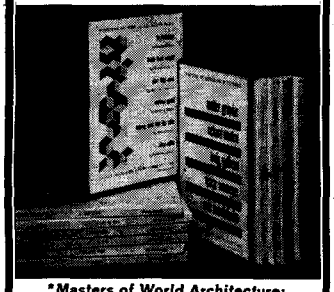

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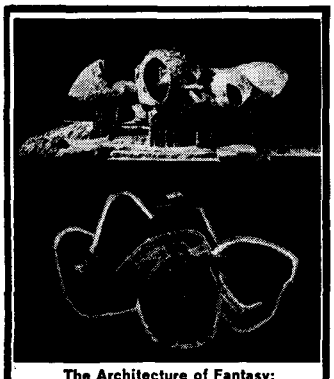

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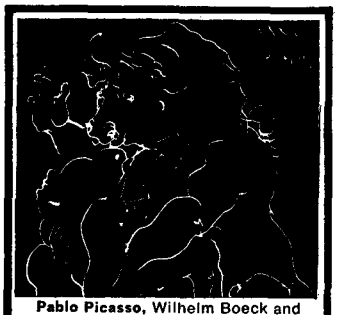

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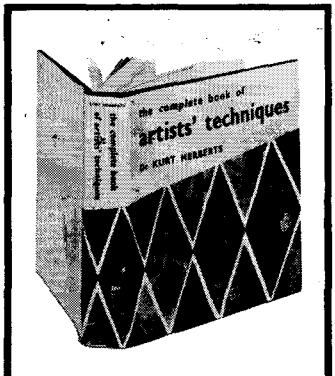

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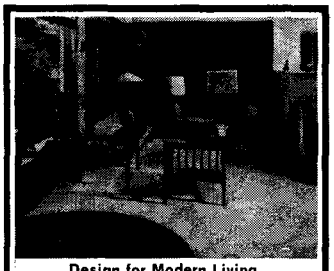

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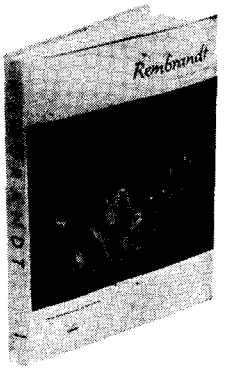

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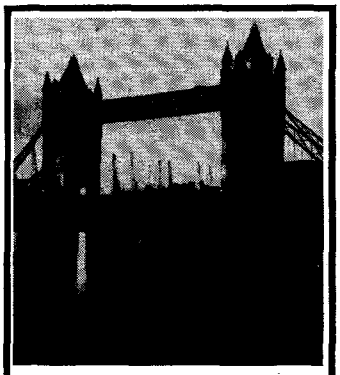

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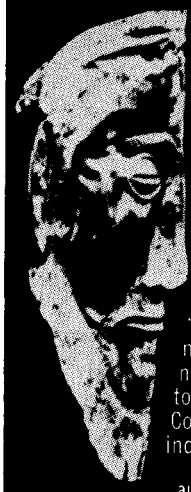

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

SOME SAY that a détente is taking place these days. But although the leaders of both camps seem anxious to convince us that tensions have been relaxed, it is clear that the Communists have not in the least relaxed their determination to keep applying pressure on the most neuralgic spots they can find. The clumsy conflict of wills and wits on the autobahn always inspires a great deal of alarm. But there are also other probing efforts that aren't so dramatic, occurring in countries where we assume that everything is more or less normal. **Max Ascoli** points out the fantastic character of the foreign-policy platform recently adopted by Italy's Socialist Party, a party that must be included, we are told, if Italy is to have a government. It is difficult to see how this platform is different from that of the Communists—except that it is advanced by men who are not Communists. The case of Italy must be taken seriously, for it could become contagious.

The economic background of Italy's political crisis is described by our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling**. . . . The long-range consequences of the recent confrontations on the autobahn are analyzed by **Jean Edward Smith,** who is a faculty scholar at Columbia University and whose book *The Defense of Berlin* has just been published by the Johns Hopkins Press.

William J. Eaton traces the history of the international labor warfare that has been going on for two years on the Great Lakes, involving just about everything from waterfront brawls to discussions between President Kennedy and Prime Minister Pearson. Mr. Eaton, a Nieman Fellow at Harvard during the year 1962-1963, is a labor reporter in Washington. . . . **Barbara Carter** describes the improbable battles that took place among Manhattan Republicans this summer during a primary contest for city councilman-at-large. Before the intramural fighting was over there had nearly been an outright clash between Congressman John V. Lindsay—one of the party's brightest young prospects—and Governor Rockefeller. Indeed, the Republican leaders almost sounded like sachems of Tammany Hall. . . . Premier Khrushchev's attitudes toward freedom in the arts seem to vary in rather bewildering fashion. A year ago the young poets and "modern" artists seemed to be enjoying a freedom that had never existed before in the Soviet Union. Then came a sudden crackdown. War was declared on the nonconformist intellectuals. Now the campaign seems to have died down again. **Priscilla Johnson,** however, sees more than casual whim in this pattern of repression and relaxation. Since her return from the Soviet Union, Miss Johnson has been at work on a book on relations between the Soviet régime and the intellectuals. . . . Some prominent citizens of Phoenix, Arizona, had strong ideas about private enterprise and the evils of Federal intervention, and they set about their problems of urban renewal accordingly. The results are described by **Richard L. Gilbert, Jr.,** until recently the editor of *Point West,* a regional magazine published in Phoenix.

WHEN our staff writer **Meg Greenfield** recently sought to rent an apartment in Washington she found herself facing a conspiracy of loving-kindness, a curious sense of compulsive altruism, on the part of the landlords. . . . **Tom F. Driver,** an ordained Methodist minister, associate professor at Union Theological Seminary in New York, and the author of *The Sense of History in Greek and Shakespearean Drama* (Columbia), reviews some disappointing current plays. . . . Another clergyman, Father **Andrew M. Greeley,** is senior study director of the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago. Sheed & Ward is publishing this month his *Religion and Career: A Study of College Graduates.* . . . **Robert P. Knapp, Jr.,** is a New York attorney.

The young Chilean artist **Fernando Krahn** makes his third appearance in our pages. . . . Our cover is by **Jerome Witkin.**

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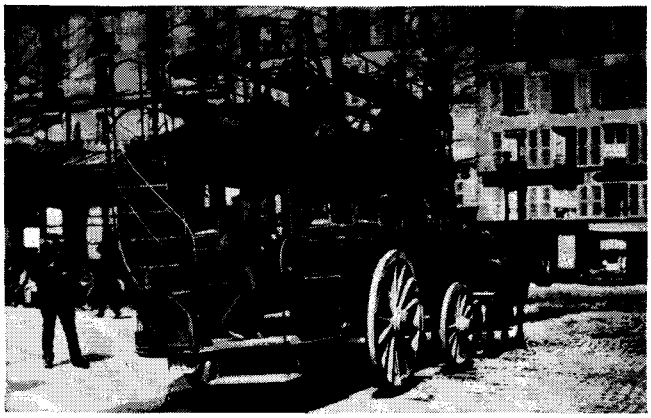
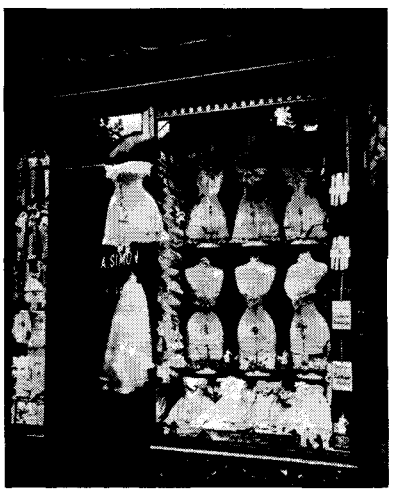


"Whenever a tramcar passed, the sound of its bell throbbed like that of a silver knife striking a wall of glass."



"The corset, jetting forward in an arch, as though over an imaginary stomach, and ending in a sharp point, beneath which bulged out the balloon of her double skirts, gave a woman, that year, the appearance of being composed of different sections badly fitted together."

A VISION OF PARIS at the pinnacle of *la belle époque*

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SHE HAS HAD more than her share of lovers, this City of Lights . . . but none has been more fervent, none more eloquent, than the novelist Marcel Proust and the photographer Eugène-Auguste Atget. For each in his own way —and in his own art—loved this city as if she were his Cleopatra.

It was the noted author and art connoisseur, Arthur D. Trottenberg, who noticed the extraordinary similarity in the way that Proust and Atget were moved by Paris. In the new book, A VISION OF PARIS (of which he is editor and author of the Introduction), Trottenberg has gathered a rich harvest from both these immortal artists to synthesize the rebirth of the Gallic *metropolis at its greatest moment* . . .

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Certainly this is not a book for everyone. It is meant for those who love the writings of Proust, the images of Atget and, above all, those who would have a souvenir of Paris when she was a little younger—and at her most beautiful.

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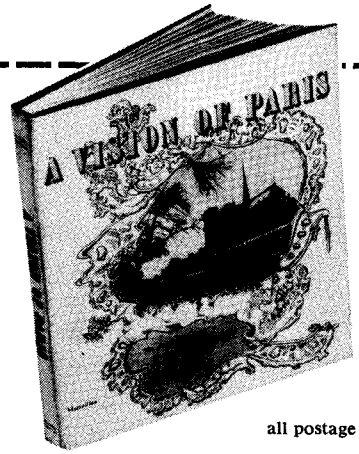

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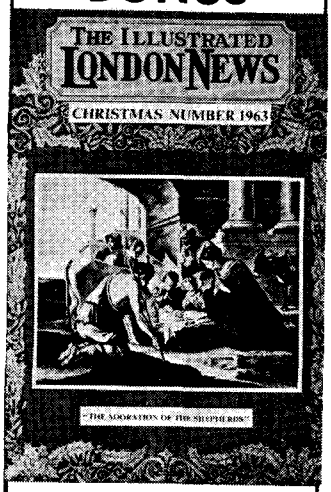

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE WRITER INDUSTRY

To the Editor: Whenever I see a new article on subsidy publishing, I call for my usual bowl of hemlock—*just in case.* But the champagne vintage of Alan Levy's piece ("The Would-Be Writer Industry," October 24) left me intoxicated with the thought that some writers *like* publishers. A rare experience.

If there was "sure money" to be made in publishing, bankers would be writers. Although all I've ever promised my authors is immortality, it was good to read that Alan Levy pointed out that on more than one occasion, I've delivered a well-buttered piece of bread. That he wrote so knowledgeably without even interviewing me is a reportorial achievement to which even I have to bow in deference.

The only regret I have is that, even though my name was spelled right, he didn't do sufficient injustice to the fields he covered. There's room for a whole series of articles covering the writing field, and even if some good doesn't come of it, it's altogether possible that you will be able to squeeze some of the larceny out of the "packaged immortality" that is being offered to anyone with a pencil and a yen for writing.

One area of naïveté on which I'd like to enlighten Mr. Levy is that virtually every big-name publisher now has a "subsidy department." These all have euphemistic names such as "Business Department," "Author Participation Plan," or "Industrial Book Relations Department." However, I for one would like to see people attempt to write rather than give expression to their inhibitions by singing nasally to the accompaniment of four fretful chords that they have learned on the guitar.

Even though *The Reporter* recently refused to accept ads of subsidy pub-

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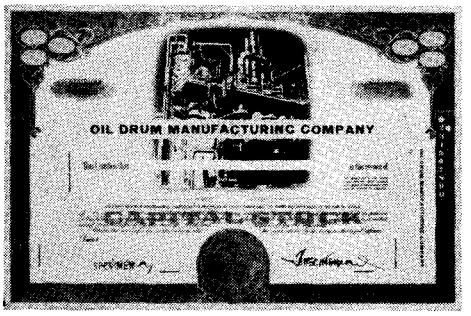
8 ways the New York Stock Exchange helps people learn about stock



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lishing, a policy which in moments of objective lucidity I've had to agree with, I've always admired the fairness of your editorial policy, even though it hurt. *The Reporter* at one time brought us some outstanding books.

Two principles are basic to my operation: 1. There are as many reasons for publishing books as there are for writing them; 2. The important ingredient of instant immortality is printer's ink.

It's also well to bear in mind that it takes a lot of corpses to make a hero and a helluva lot of books to make an author.

I think the fact that writing has become such a burgeoning industry bespeaks either an inhibited or a neurotic culture, or perhaps more accurately, a cultural upheaval which some day may actually recapture the freedom of the fettered press.

EDWARD UHLAN
President, Exposition Press
and Self-Acclaimed Author
New York

To the Editor: I very much enjoyed Mr. Levy's article. I do think that along with noting our "grayish caution"—of which we are proud (for seventy-five years our editorial emphasis has been that writing for publication is hard work)—Mr. Levy might have mentioned that we follow the policy of rigidly excluding from our pages any advertising from agents, critics, and vanity publishers.

A. S. BURACK, Editor
The Writer
Boston

To the Editor: Is it possible that Mr. Levy from his lofty intellectual perch views with alarm the possibility of competition by successful protégés of writers' correspondence schools?

The yearning for self-expression is, I think, inherent in all of us. However, his assumption that students of such schools are "suckered" by the phony lure of instant immortality and easy money is challenged. I happen to be a student of Famous Writers School but I enrolled at my own risk, fully aware of my limitations, and even though I never get printed, the course has exceeded expectations and been well worth the fee.

Its able assistance in the study, comparison, and analysis of good writing has not only enhanced my respect for the writer's craft but enabled me to better organize and clarify my own thinking. Training in the techniques of research has led to the discovery of new, varied, and interesting subjects (and even indirectly led to the discovery of *The Reporter*). It has encouraged the pursuit of knowledge while sharpening my awareness of the world and the people in it. And, I trust, it is helping me to become more articulate in speech and writing as well as being a more observant and intelligent listener.

We can't all be Hemingways, Stein-

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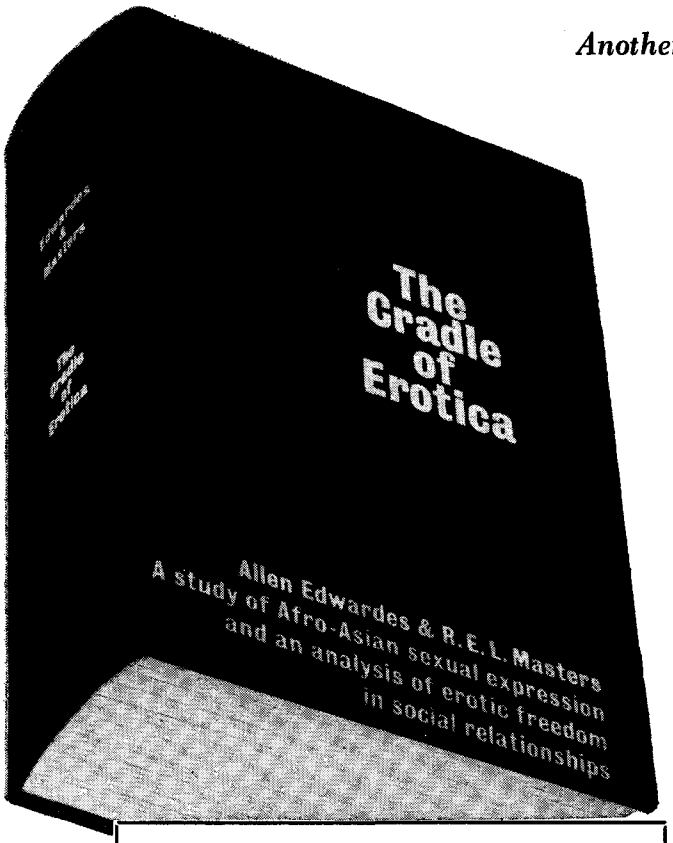
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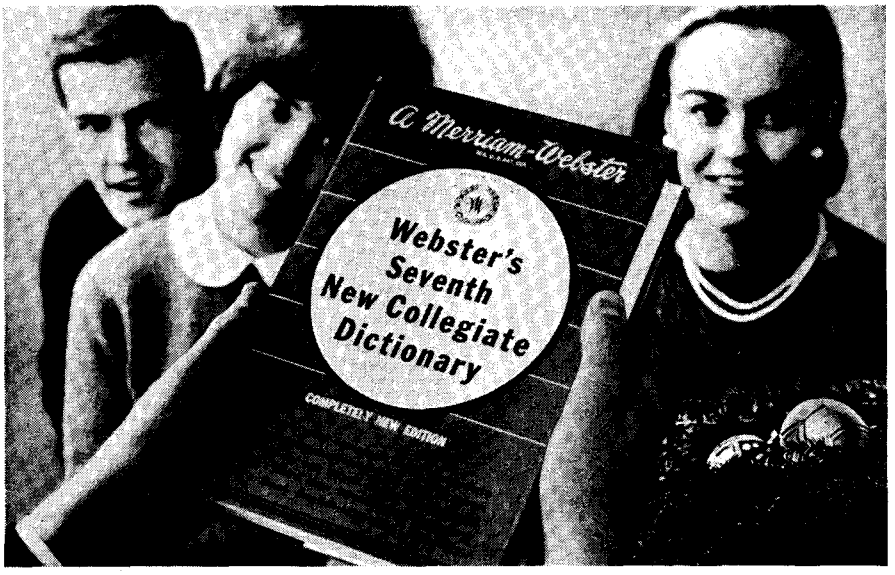

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MRS. IRENE DELL
Carl Junction, Missouri

To the Editor: As a journalist, Mr. Levy has committed a number of mistakes, chief among them being his tendency to group all schools under one heading, to quote out of context from printed material, and not doing the leg work that one would expect of a good reporter. So far as the reader is concerned, all of the institutions within Mr. Levy's range of view are identical. I don't know all the details about some of the others he lists, but I do strongly protest our inclusion in the mixed group.

We're understandably proud of what we are doing as teachers of writing, and neither quotations out of the context of our promotional material nor alignment of our School with others can change the fact that our 15,000 students are eminently satisfied with our philosophy and our methods.

In the second paragraph of his piece, Mr. Levy selects some quotes to bolster his viewpoint, but he doesn't make his point clear and the reader can come up with but one conclusion—namely, that the Famous Writers School is, to put it politely, a fraud. Following his quotes out of context, he links us directly to another correspondence school with which we have no connection in fact or in fiction. However, this linking of thoughts is a familiar device that a writer uses to prove any point that he wants to make.

I must credit Mr. Levy with journalistic honesty when he recounts the experience of Gerald Walker, who took our Aptitude Test and was flunked. Mr. Walker's experience is not unique; we flunk large numbers of prospective students for a simple and ethical reason: We do not believe that you can teach semi-literates or morons to write and we consistently refuse to enroll them.

As the article proceeds, we are grouped by inference with "vanity press" promoters. We feel just as strongly as Mr. Levy does about this curious business and warn all of our students about the dangers of becoming embroiled with subsidy publishers. Likewise, we do not accept any advertising from them (or from others of similar persuasion) in our School magazine. If we should open our pages to all kinds of advertisers, I think we would deserve the kind of criticism which Mr. Levy has so generously aimed in our direction.

The subject of advertising is pertinent, since we have used the pages of *The Reporter* on several occasions. Had some of your readers enrolled in the Famous Writers School and found it as reprehensible as Mr. Levy indicates, I think you would have received serious complaints. However, I have no

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record of such complaints—yet I happen to know that we have enrolled students as a result of our advertising in *The Reporter*.

GORDON CARROLL
Director
Famous Writers School, Inc.
Westport, Connecticut

To the Editor: "The Would-Be Writer Industry," by Alan Levy, hit home.

I fell for an ad carried in your magazine of the Famous Writers School, last year.

I clipped out the coupon and applied for a preliminary test. To my surprise, I passed it. Yes, they said, I had talent and they would show me how to make it marketable.

Much elated, I hurriedly signed their contract to pay about $600 in monthly installments of $23.75 each month over a period of two years.

Oh, said I to myself, now my secret ambition will be realized! I could supplement my secretarial salary and achieve a long-standing dream—to write! Well, the dream lasted for six months.

Not that I didn't work hard at my "home projects." I really sweated and strained long hours into the night and over weekends, writing and rewriting. To my chagrin, I began receiving odd kinds of criticisms. Like "You're a beginner. Beginners always write too much." Or in a lesson where one is to complete a story already begun—"Where is the beginning?" or "You don't read your instructions" or "You don't study your theory," when I had spent hours doing both.

My rating began to drop lower and lower until I became ashamed to send in any more written assignments. So I decided to quit the course. Which, of course, is easier said than done.

The School doesn't allow one to quit and stop paying for a course no longer pursued. Oh! No! It's like a college, you know. Fees are paid, and if you quit in mid-term you lose all.

Their answer to my request to break the contract so that I won't have to pay any more was that they have nothing to do with finances. The Chase Manhattan advanced the full fee and I owe the money to the bank, not to them. What a mean trick! I offered to return all their books and to let them keep the $200 already paid in, but to let me off the hook for the $400 still due. Nothing doing!

For a working woman, it is really difficult to meet these payments. My hopes to supplement my income have gone by the board, and I'm saddled with an extra financial burden.

What dreamers like myself don't realize is that writing can't be "taught." One must learn the ropes by oneself—and only when "pushed" from within until one can't help oneself but *must* write.

BELLE SHAPIRO
New York

AMERICA'S SECRET WEAPON... ITS LEADERS

There is a force of men and women who help our country hold its world place in science and development, in business and trade, in jobs and living standards.

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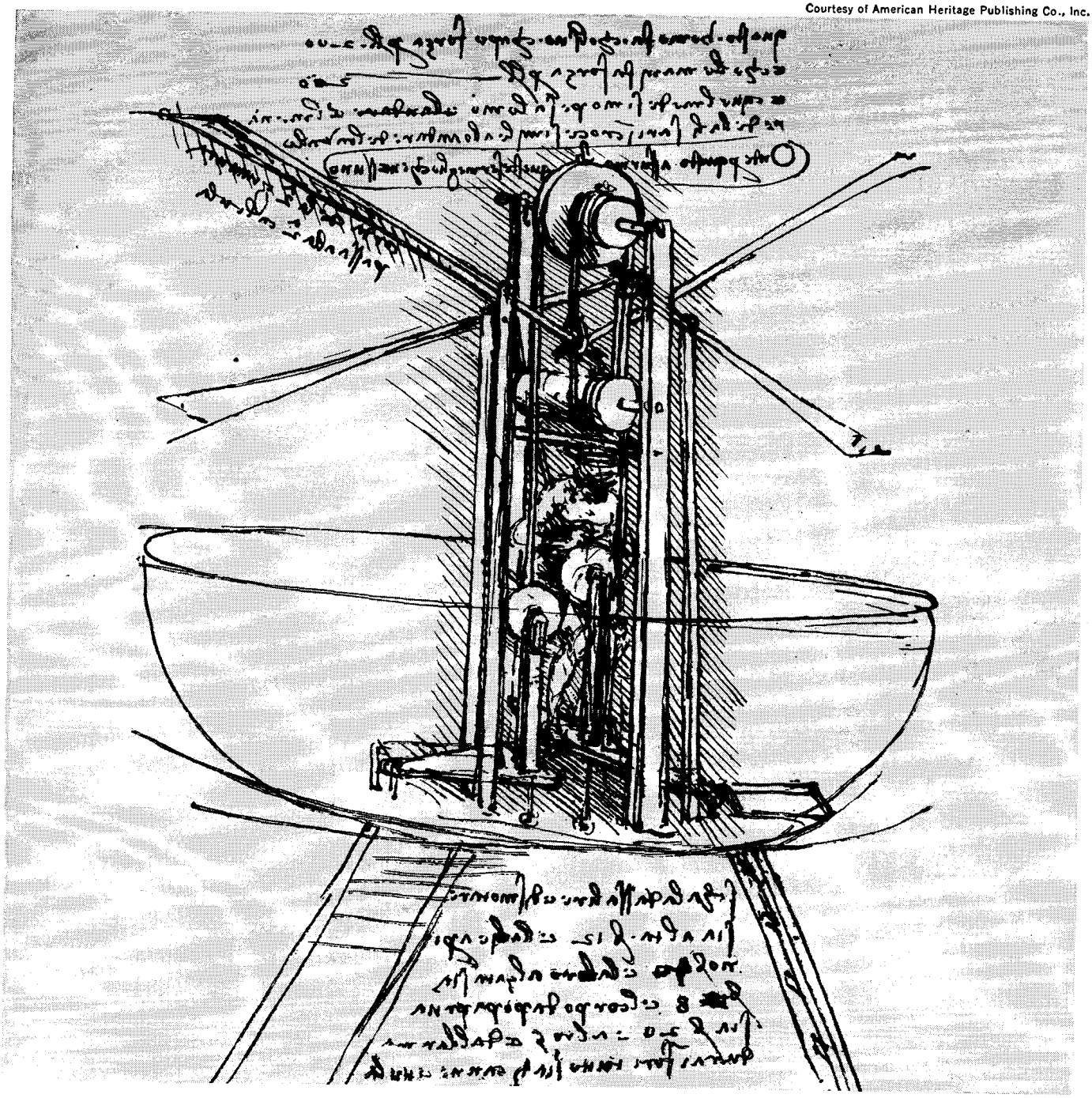

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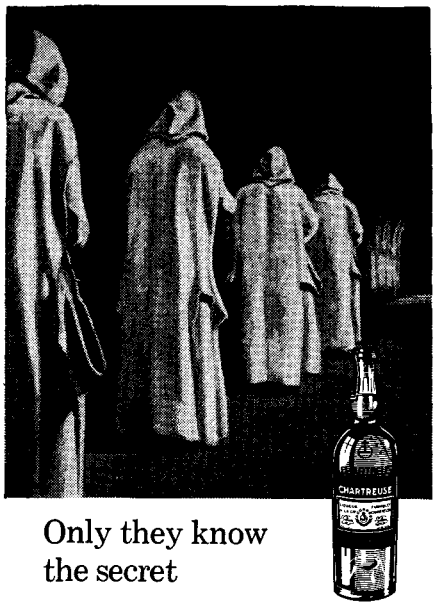

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

On Playing God

When he first moved into the presidential palace in Saigon eight years ago, Ngo Dinh Diem was an earnest, troubled, and frightened man. Often in those days, even in the presence of strangers, he would burst into tears when discussing the enormous problems that beset him. These included the Communist guerrilla war that is still being waged deep inside South Vietnam, an outright insurrection in Saigon itself by the gangster armies of the Binh Xuyen, and sporadic, flash-fire rebellions in the countryside and along the Mekong by bandit sects like the Cao Dai and the Hoa Hao.

Diem's American mentors watched fascinated when, after the first months of indecision and handwringing, the president rallied the army to his side, doggedly toured the country's remotest provinces (many of whose inhabitants had no idea of nationality beyond their immediate tribal frontiers), and then moved decisively against his enemies. Diem's army crushed the Binh Xuyen in the bloody Battle of Saigon in the summer of 1955, and by the end of 1956 both the Cao Dai and the Hoa Hao had been routed from their strongholds along the Mekong, their leaders killed or sent fleeing into exile in Cambodia or Laos.

By 1957, then, the little man in the white sharkskin suit no longer wept. Now he dashed about Saigon in his black Cadillac, preceded by a flashy motorcycle escort, with sirens at full wail. His stance, those who knew him thought, assumed at least some of the elements of a swagger. He conducted himself with aplomb in his public appearances, and impressed the diplomats accredited to his régime with his growing confidence. The Americans, who had smothered him with aid and comfort from the start, were especially pleased; at least most of them professed to be.

But just as he seemed to be at the pinnacle of success, something happened that started Diem on the journey down. We will never know exactly what forces combined to drive Diem down this road. Now his régime is overthrown, and he and his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu, unhappily murdered by the victors, will write no memoirs.

Many of Diem's difficulties, no doubt, stemmed from destructive inner conflicts. But it must also be assumed that the United States, which could legitimately claim to share the credit for Diem's initial successes, must share some of the responsibility for his ruin and downfall. The crisis just ended has been greeted in Washington with the kind of muted celebration that always marks the victories one is just a little ashamed of. We would all certainly feel better if Diem and his brother had not been slain. We may all feel just a little embarrassed over the unwillingness of the U.S. consulate in Hue to grant asylum to the one brother remaining in Vietnam, Ngo Dinh Can. We must draw what comfort we may from the assurances of the country's new rulers that Ngo Dinh Can "would not be lynched and would receive due process of law."

WE BEGIN our relationship with these new rulers under a handicap—under the same handicap, ironically, that marked the beginning of our relationship with Ngo Dinh Diem: we are too patently their mentors and they our protégés. Official disclaimers notwithstanding, the coup in Saigon and all that immediately flows from it are a direct responsibility of the United States government. With Diem, we violated from the start that most sensible precept of diplomacy—to keep a proper distance. And what's more, in his case, we violated this precept on what were apparently no better grounds than enthusiasm. We are already

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Past Perfect

One of the happier virtues of armchair traveling is its built-in guarantee against running into other tourists.

That being the case, the NBC News production of "Greece: The Golden Age" —to be shown the night of November 19—should be *particularly* attractive to living-room adventurers. Nary a tourist will appear on the screen during the news special's entire hour.

Instead, this color exploration of the Age of Pericles is being made in terms of the remains of that glorious period. We don't believe that the temples, stadiums, statues, theatres and other visible evidences of that era have ever been filmed in so exciting a fashion.

Magic from a Master

But then, this is the sort of magic viewers have come to *expect* from producer-writer Lou Hazam, whose past endeavors include such unforgettable specials as "Vincent Van Gogh: A Self-Portrait" and "Shakespeare: Soul of an Age."

Hazam's camera crew on the upcoming special spent a full three months on location in such places as Athens, Olympia and Delphi. Because Greece has, over the past decade, become more of a tourists' "must" than ever, one of the staff's peskiest tasks was keeping innocent sight-seers out of camera range. (When you're trying to sustain a 5th century B.C. mood, there's something awfully upsetting about a straw hat popping out from behind a Parthenon pillar).

The special's photography is fluidly imaginative. And at no point is it more ingenious than in the re-creation of the Battle of Marathon — on the very plain where it was fought almost 2,500 years ago. With a field of poppies representing the invading, red-plumed Persians; a sea of wheat stalks as the defending Greek forces; and just the right wind currents to give movement to the conflict, the sequence is a triumph of television art.

The narration accompanying the battle is right out of Herodotus, one of the many Golden Age figures on whom Hazam leaned for a large part of his script. All the words will be delivered by Trevor Howard, whose performance as "The Invincible Mr. Disraeli" on NBC last April won the year's Emmy for "outstanding single performance by an actor."

Among the many dozens of facts, large and small, about which Howard will be informing or reminding viewers: the Greeks at one time painted all their statues; there really *was* such a person as Agamemnon; and no women spectators were permitted at the Olympic games, since the athletes wore nothing but confidence.

A Unique Era

As producer Hazam puts it: "Though the ancient buildings are crumbled and the stones defaced, and only remnants of the writings remain, this period of Greek history was man's finest hour." It's the hope of NBC News that the November 19 special will emerge as one of *television's* finest hours as well.

NBC

Look to NBC for the best combination of news, information and entertainment.

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buy him his life

Tran Dien, Vietnamese, age 5. Father ill. Cannot work. Mother tea-picker. Losing sight. Unable to choose good leaves from bad. Lost job. Five children in family. "Home" is thatch hut. Earthen floor. Dien has almost no clothes. No trousers. Shown in photo with borrowed pants for sake of dignity. No decent food. Nothing. Poverty extreme. Parents despairing for children. Help to Dien means help to entire family. Need acute.

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embroiled with the new ruling generals in Saigon by the nature of our previous association and (let us not deny it) our connivance.

The real warning to be read into the revolt in Saigon is that there could be in it the seeds of new tribulations for us. We should begin by making clear to the provisional government in Saigon, as well as to ourselves, the fact that we have learned some bitter lessons from our relationship with Diem. Above all, let it be clear that we cannot stay in Vietnam forever with the power of life and death over the country and its leaders.

The Time Machine

"We have a two-to-one majority here. We have an administration of our own party. We can hardly expect the American people to give us more favorable circumstances for carrying out our program." The observation was made with considerable anguish by Senator Thomas Dodd (D., Connecticut) in the midst of what threatens to be the most chaotic and unproductive session of Congress yet. At the time he spoke, the Senate was in process of reenacting something like *A Night at the Opera* on the foreign-aid authorization bill, right down to the famous scene where Chico tears up his contract section by section. Only four of the twelve appropriations bills for fiscal 1964 had been enacted although more than four months of that year had already passed. What remained of the administration's tax bill after seven months in the House Ways and Means Committee was now a hostage in Senator Harry Byrd's Finance Committee, where witnesses who had testified on it before were now invited to testify again—a sort of public filibuster encouraged by Chairman Byrd, it is said, because he does not wish to relinquish the tax bill until he sees what is going to happen on civil rights. And the most cheerful prediction for the administration's civil-rights bill, which had barely survived an unexpected revolution in the House Judiciary Committee, was that floor action in the House would come before Christmas, thereby clearing the way for a Senate filibuster in the second session.

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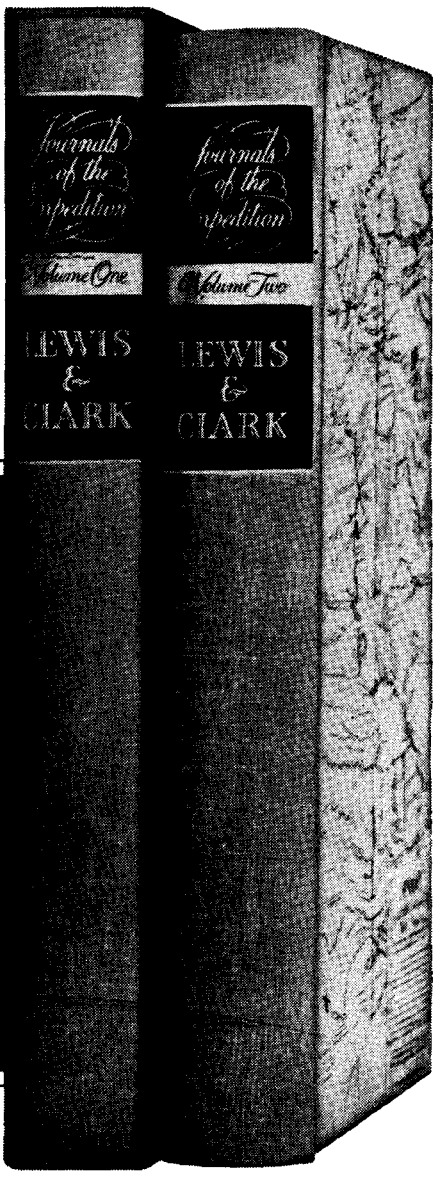

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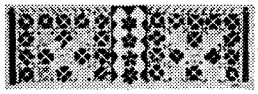

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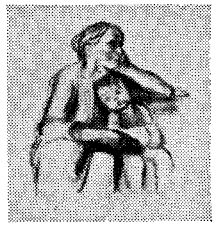

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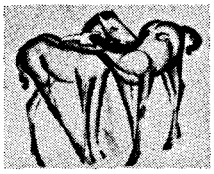

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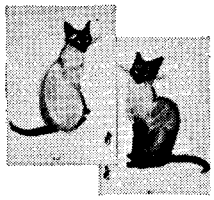

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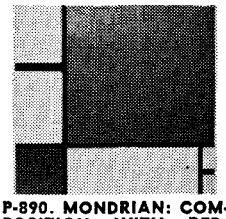

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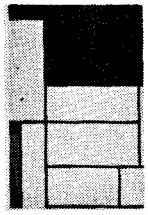

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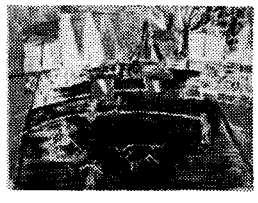

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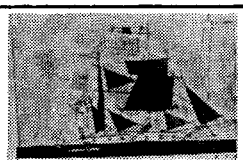

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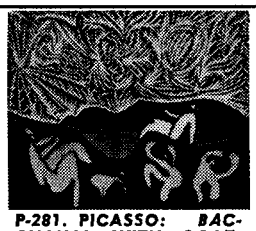

P-281. PICASSO: *BACCHANAL WITH GOAT.* A serigraph of this 1959 linoleum block is impressively rendered in strong blue, green, black and white with warm, sand - colored figures. Heavy rag stock; 18" x 21¾". *Special* **2.98**

P-226. *MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.* This decorative panel of medieval lutes, harps and zithers in metallic gold, outlined in rich wood-brown, with a metallic gold border, has been silk-screened onto a handmade, white rice paper. A handsome and unusual conversation piece for your home. 9½" high x 32" wide picture area. *Special* **2.98**

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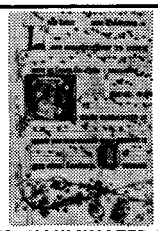
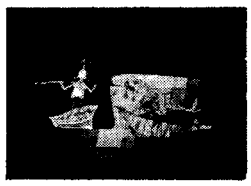
P-230. MEDIEVAL MANUSCRIPT I. Silk-screened onto a special parchment paper in metallic gold and brilliant red, blue green and yellow. 21½" high x 15" wide. *Special* **2.98**

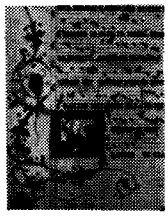


P-278. ILLUMINATED LETTER. Serigraph of a 1487 music manuscript on parchment paper. Letter illuminated with the Birth of the Virgin in green, red, yellow, metallic gold; blue-purple initial letter. 24" x 17". *Special* **2.98**

P-280. MEDIEVAL MANUSCRIPT 4. A knight and his lady on horseback in vibrant blue, red, green, yellow, pink, blue-gray and metallic gold silk-screened on parchment paper. 22¼" x 15½". *Special* **2.98**



P-865. KLEE: SINBAD THE SAILOR. The famous *Arabian Nights* hero in blues from sky to midnight, highlighted with vivid pinks, marigold, red, white, black and warm orange. Silk screen. 16½" x 23". *Special* **3.95**



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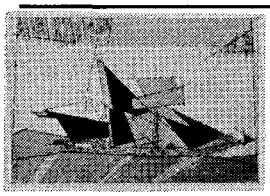

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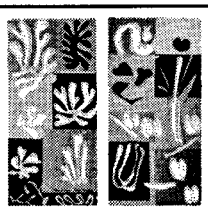

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10-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

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It is a measure of the despair about Congress this year that as the Democratic majority in the Senate fell apart on the issue of foreign aid, one frequently-heard remark in Washington was that it wouldn't have happened if Bobby Baker had been there.

But what's wrong with Congress these days is something more than the excess of power in the hands of a few Congressional leaders and committee chairmen. In both the recent House struggles over the civil-rights bill and in the foreign-aid fight on the Senate floor, it was not an abuse of power but a failure to use it that caused disaster or near-disaster. Indeed, when the question of power is brought up in Washington these days, it is generally to lament that Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield isn't using much of his to force the appropriations bills out of committee. Or take the common complaint that nothing can be done on Capitol Hill because of the preponderance of small-minded legislators from the rural South and the Midwest. From the powerful big Northern cities, after all, come some of the dimmest Congressional lights Washington has ever known.

A scrutiny of the present session of Congress reveals, to us anyway, the kind of activity generally associated with a Rube Goldberg machine—each part setting off some extraordinary reaction by the next. It is only in this way, in fact, that the real importance of the Southern and Midwestern recalcitrants of the Hill can be properly understood. On foreign aid the Senate is behaving a certain way because of what it thinks the House will do. On civil rights, things work the other way round. Much of the present fuss on the Senate floor over foreign aid, for example, is being made because it is well understood that whatever figure the Senators arrive at will probably be unacceptable to Appropriations Subcommittee Chairman Otto Passman (D., Louisiana) anyway. For that reason, some senators, mindful of the unpopularity of the program, feel they might just as well join in its decimation. A similar situation prevails in the House, where Republican congressmen have refused, as one put it, to "walk the public plank" for civil-rights provisions that the

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Special Report:

"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

PREFERRED BY THE POLICE OF 37 COUNTRIES AND THE BANDITS OF AT LEAST 1

DUE TO THE GROWING POPULARITY of the Land-Rover in the commission of grand theft, an interim report seems in order. Apparently our 4-wheel drive vehicle has latent virtues which may be of interest to the prospective owner.

It is not our intent here to point out raffish ways for one to pick up a great deal of extra money in one's spare time. Rather the opposite: to abet law and order by useful suggestion.

For instance: in two recent major crimes Land-Rovers were most helpful in hauling away £2,500,000 ($7,000,000) and £90,000 ($252,000), respectively. Now, although it is well-known that the police of the United Kingdom also employ Land-Rovers, *nowhere is it reported that they employed them on these occasions for hot pursuit of the brigands.* Perhaps that was their mistake.

NEAR LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.

The first theft, widely if grudgingly admired for its sheer bulk of loot, was, of course, the Great Train Robbery which brought the title back to England.

This Olympics of knavery took place, you recall, at Cheddington, just five miles out of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, on August 8 last, a Thursday.

Nearly a week passed before any clues turned up. Then, on Tuesday, August 13, a Times of London article datelined Brill, Buckinghamshire, reported:

"A lonely farmhouse near here, twelve miles from Oxford, was the hideout for the mail train gang and their haul of £2,500,000 in bank notes. Mailbags in three abandoned vehicles—an Army type truck and two Land-Rovers—have been found but no money."

NOT LIKE DARTS

Dismissing the Army lorry, one surmises that the Land-Rovers were given the arduous getaway assignment not only for their rugged dependability, but for their capacious rear doors, as well.

Bank notes in excess of so many tend to be cumbersome. When you are trying to on-load literally bags and bags of the stuff you simply haven't got the time to aim nicely; it's not like darts.

No, robbing a train is a very near thing at best and one has got to have the tools to do the job.

FOUND BY MUSHROOMER

Paradoxically, another Land-Rover feature, its outstanding over-all height, caused the thieves to flee the farm, it is thought. According to The Times:

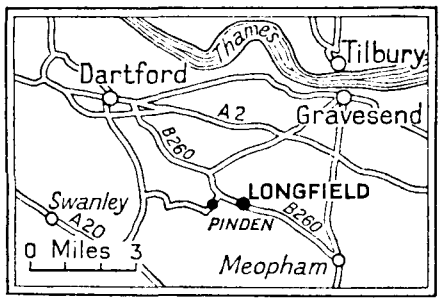
Left Profile Rear View

"On Sunday afternoon a local man went mushrooming near the farm and noticed the top of a Land-Rover sticking out of a dilapidated outhouse among the trees." This he duly reported.

The Times account continues: "Police believe that the gang fled in haste. In the garden, near a row of runner beans, was a partly dug hole about 3 ft. deep, a spade still standing in a mound of clay.

"Detective Superintendent Fewtrell, head of Buckinghamshire's C.I.D., surveyed the hole and commented: 'Presumably they intended burying the evidence. We know they got out before they intended... they must have got the wind up'."

Naturally we are pleased that, having been an accessory to the crime, the Land-Rover was also helpful in its solution.



LAND-ROVER STRIKES AGAIN

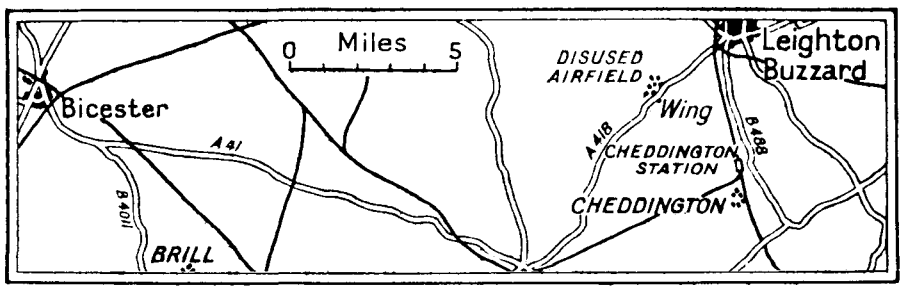
Though piddling by comparison, the latest Land-Rover effort—the Longfield, Kent, job of September 27—was respectable by county competition standards. It also illustrated an entirely different aspect of the Land-Rover's amazing versatility.

Under the headlines "£90,000 Stolen In Bank Van Ambush" and "Getaway By 8 Masked Men: Guard Felled By Cosh", The London Times describes how the armoured car was high jacked. The bandits lay in wait with their vehicles along a hedgelined road at the T-junction leading off to Horton Kirby and South Darenth. And then:

"A brick was hurled through the windscreen of the bank van, forcing the driver to stop. The bank van was hemmed in by the Land-Rover and the lorry." Whereupon the bandits leaped from the ambush vehicles armed with pick-axe handles, enveloped the bank van, carried the day, and drove off towards Horton Kirby.

To our knowledge this is the first time the Land-Rover has been used in the actual *commission* of a stick-up of this magnitude. While this dubious demonstration of its versatility would seem conclusive, one wonders: what would the

(cont. on next page)



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"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

(cont. from previous page)

outcome have been had the victim-vehicle *also* been a Land-Rover (Model 109 Bank Van)? An interesting conjecture.

LAW-FEARERS ASK

"Why," decent, law-fearing people may ask, "do you sell Land-Rovers to chaps who are going to use them to rob trains and banks?"

Actually, we can't always tell.

We've sold Land-Rovers to all sorts of customers in over 160 countries, including the armed services of 26, the police forces of 37, veritable legions of country squires, desert chieftains, titled persons, oil and gold prospectors, light and heavy sportsmen; and to multitudes of nice families for skiing, beach buggying and other pleasant things. With this limitless range we often don't know precisely how a buyer intends to use his Land-Rover.

NEW OWNER OFTEN CLUELESS

More often than not the new owner doesn't know himself until he's tested its enormous virtuosity. For all we know, the recent bandits were ordinary citizens who only turned to lives of crime *after* they found their Land-Rovers were just the thing for sticking up trains.

As a matter of fact, we can give you what appears to be a character reference on one of our customers; this one also from The London Times of August 13. A member of the Mail Train Mob got the key to the farmhouse hideout from a neighboring housewife (he said he was the new owner).

She describes him thus: "He was a well dressed, well spoken, and charming man. I have not seen him since."

Neither have we; we do hope he's keeping it serviced.

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Democrats are planning to bargain away in the Senate.

But however the blame is apportioned, even the Rube Goldberg image won't quite do. We are reminded instead of one of those monstrous machines made of bicycles, fiddles, wheels, and old motors put together by the Swiss artist Jean Tinguely that, for the benefit of a truly avant-garde audience, saw, hack, burn and beat themselves to pieces in what is called a "happening." The one we were lucky enough to observe at New York's Museum of Modern Art didn't even succeed in destroying itself. Halfway through the show it ran out of gas and sat there simmering—which may be why the image came to mind.

Mom and Pop

To: Central Casting, Republican National Committee
From: Photogenic Hunting Organization, Next Election Year
Re: The '64 Ticket

This unit, you will recall, was set up the morning after the first TV "Great Debate" in 1960. Unfortunately, many months were wasted arguing over the virtues of various brands of pancake makeup and trying to get the name of our organization changed for fear the press would find out about us and start referring to us by our initials.

But all members of the committee, representing both Hollywood and the television industry, are now in full agreement, and we are therefore honored to present our recommendations to you at this time.

There is no doubt that the candidate for Vice-President must be Senator Margaret Chase Smith. Aside from the obvious advantages in any campaign of putting a woman on the ticket, our motivational-research task force assures us that the Kennedy image, womanwise, has definitely backfired. To the average voter The Woman in Washington is both younger and prettier than his own wife—or worse, if the voter happens to be female, than herself. This was a strong selling point for a while, but recently the image has been generating a good deal of subconscious unrest throughout the nation. What the voters are craving, again according to our motivational-research people, is not the threatening competition of our athletic young woman on water skis but matronly reassurance. This can sometimes be done through intelligent selection of a wife for the Presidential candidate himself (see the attached research memo on Harry Truman's victory in 1948). But it is our belief that a great deal more mileage can be made out of giving the right woman a place directly on the ticket. It is true that Mrs. Smith is prettier than most women regardless of age, but our psychological staff assures us that it is perfectly all right and even desirable for a mother figure to be pretty. Mrs. Smith has indicated a willingness to co-operate, and it is our belief that she is in a unique position to help the party to a smashing victory in 1964.

Who then is to run with her? With no disrespect for the Messrs. Rockefeller, Nixon, Scranton, Lodge, and Reston, we are firmly convinced that maturity is the watchword. A muscularly handsome man with gray hair who conveys an aura of comfortable self-confidence could drive the aging child prodigies out of Washington just by telling them it was time to let the grownups run things again. It doesn't matter if he sounds slightly muddled on the great issues of the day; that's just what most people are anyway.

The candidate we have in mind, you have surely guessed already, also has the advantage of offering a nice geographical balance to Mrs. Smith. That *Life* cover picture of him in blue jeans on the desert with his horse was worth more than all the Harvard professors you could cram into the Oval Room. (And incidentally, who ever thought of polishing that double-width gold wedding band before the photographers arrived was a genius.)

A Goldwater-Smith ticket, in our considered opinion, would offer the American people the most soothing and reassuring Pop and Mom images since Lewis Stone and Fay Holden were put together in the old "Andy Hardy" movies—kindly, secure, and eminently photogenic. In order to point up the resemblance, some of us even feel that they ought to promise to name Mickey Rooney as their Attorney General.

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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Is Italy Going Neutral

THE COLD WAR is over, we have been told again and again: the Soviet Union has been stopped in Laos, in Vietnam, in Africa, in Latin America, and of course in Europe. These claims are categoric and at the same time discreet for, so it seems, the Soviet Union has lost but we should not gloat over having won. On tiptoe, one little step after another, we are moving toward peace, according to the official line of subdued bragging.

There is no coyness on the Soviet side. Consistently they point out that Cuba has become as integral a part of their system as the Ukraine. They have not stopped their active assistance to what they call movements of national liberation wherever such movements can be fomented. Undeviatingly, from Stalin to Khrushchev, Soviet leadership has pursued its aim, as they put it, under one banner: peaceful coexistence.

Under this banner they have skillfully used the threat of weapons: nuclear weapons in Cuba, but most frequently conventional ones, which they have lavishly provided to an asserted clientele, Indonesia, Egypt, Ghana, wherever they could find a source of trouble for the West. Against us directly, weapons at the ready have been used judiciously—just tokens against a few of our convoys on the Berlin autobahn to remind us that if we want to meet the Communist terms of coexistence, the one place where the thing must be fixed is Berlin. The Soviet government has candidly proclaimed that peaceful coexistence is its chosen instrument for expanding its influence. And they are expanding it, if only we have eyes to see. The evidence is Italy.

THE BEAUTY of the Communist advance in Italy lies in the fact that at present its main agents are not Communists or fellow travelers but eager democratic politicians, engaged in the pursuit of power for themselves as well as for their own country. This would not make them different from politicians anywhere else; and if they show a singular inclination toward murky theorizing and feverish intriguing, this is a perennial trait in Italian politics, particularly on the non-Communist Left. Since the liberation, politics has been a harsh and tantalizing calling for those who are neither Christian Democrats nor Communists and who resent the amorphous promiscuity of one party and the authoritarian thought-control of the other. In election after election, the Christian Democrats have been steadily losing ground, the Communists consistently advancing. This has given the men of the non-Communist Left the itch to set the Christian Democratic Party a higher and higher price if it wants to stay in power.

Communism's growth has not increased its revolutionary fervor. In the network of business enterprises from which it receives sustenance it has exhibited a businesslike efficiency that has entitled it to a fat, bourgeois respectability. All its gains have been made by observing old-fashioned principles of bookkeeping and vote-getting. Even in the last election, when its percentage of the total vote was higher than ever before, it was still far enough from an absolute majority to make the prospects of achieving power through the ballot quite remote. And why should it try revolution? Its objectives as a trusted adjunct of Soviet policy—the disruption of the Atlantic Alliance, the disarray of the Italian economy—can be largely achieved before it formally returns to power through some newfangled type of Popular Front government.

Meanwhile, the Communists can rely on the leftist in-betweeners, some of them anti-Communists, some others, as one of their leaders put it, a-Communists. For years and years, the in-betweeners have been exposed to inordinate temptation. The Christian Democrats have been losing votes while the number of their factions and subfactions has increased, and their leaders have become more and more dependent on the parliamentary support of other parties to stay in power. But the other parties too were splintered into factions and subfactions, each subfaction enclosing a

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sub-sub-faction, like Chinese boxes. All other parties, of course, except one, the Communist, which condescended to exhibit the semblance of factionalism as evidence of its truly democratic nature.

The opening to the Left was originally thought of as the best way to go after the Communists and woo away from them some of their dissenters, of their constituents, and of their appeal. The first experiment in government open to the Left led to a Communist gain of more than a million votes. This brought the in-betweeners to irrepressible frenzy: salvation lay in stealing away more and more ideas from the Communists. Party discipline could not be taken away but the program was there for all to see and use, free of copyright. The Communist Party accepted with equanimity having its aims reinvented and carried out by free-wheeling Leftists.

The latest Socialist congress showed the debauching impact that factional competition can have on a divided key party. The stake was exceptionally high: a small faction could bring enough votes to a somewhat larger minority so that, together, they could make up a shaky majority and dictate the terms on which the Christian Democrats could constitute a government. This situation can give a party leader an exhilarating delusion of power, irrespective of the number of his followers and in direct relation to his gall.

The results were astonishing. In the field of foreign policy, the Socialist Party pronounced itself in favor of active neutralism within the Alliance, and of accelerating the erosion of the two opposite blocs of power. Considering that Italy is to remain, according to the Socialists themselves, an active member of the Western bloc, its activity should be dedicated to accelerate the liquidation of this bloc, and to advocate, among other things, the disarmament and neutralization of Germany, meaning West Germany.

Such a program is backed by an "or else," for, it is asked, what alternative have the Christian Democrats if they want something better than a caretaker government? The Communists, on their part, have benignly approved the program put forward by a Socialist leader, Riccardo Lombardi, who properly calls himself a-Communist. No matter how much or how little of this platform the Christian Democrats accept, the Communists will not be hurt. In fact, they can find in it evidence that political freedom pays—outside the Soviet Empire.

Coexistence, too, pays exceedingly well for the Soviet Union—not only coexistence between East and West but also coexistence of irreconcilable policies within a government. The Communists have immensely gained in sophistication since the old days of the Popular Front, as their tolerant behavior in Italy proves. They have learned to rely on independent, imaginative democrats to volunteer for the job of keeping a country neutralized and jittery. The homemade, a-Communist Popular Front in Italy is singularly helped by the recent tendency among Catholics to develop their own brand of a-Communism.

The Socialists aptly call their foreign policy "positive neutrality." Their drift in foreign and domestic affairs could be defined as a non-Protestant Reformation, independent of the Moscow hierarchy yet spontaneously moving according to the wishes of the Kremlin clergy. Haven't we heard of the new liberal attitude within Communism? Perhaps one of the evidences of this liberalism, of this willingness to rely on a voluntary toeing of the Communist line, can be found in Togliatti's party. Appropriately enough, it was Togliatti who coined the word "polycentrism."

IT COULD BE SAID that all these queer things—neutrality within the Alliance, Socialist or Catholic a-Communism—are, after all, colorful peculiarities of a colorful country that is not a major power. True, not so long ago a bizarre Italian political heresy proved to be susceptible of imitation in a number of other lands, with results that the world will never forget. It must also be said that the Italian homemade Popular Front is a disturbing potentiality which many Italians are desperately trying to avoid and which is not yet an accomplished reality. But in the United States we cannot be blind or indifferent to the fact that the administration has shown benevolence toward the various types of positive or active neutralism, and has explicitly encouraged openings to the Left in Italy, in other allied countries, and in Latin America. Yet every instance of America's overt or covert attempt to influence—or overthrow—the régime of a foreign country has proved how incurably awkward we are at this game.

This is not a counsel of despair or of inaction, for our influence on the conduct of other countries is incalculable, but exerted in a way all of its own. We are constantly watched: if we pamper a Nasser or a Tito, the result is the proliferation of Nassers and Titos; if we keep slandering and misinterpreting an ally like de Gaulle, we set a pattern of malice and vindictiveness within and beyond the boundaries of the Atlantic Community. When we gloat senselessly about the so-called end of the Cold War and the blessings of relaxed tension, we invite men unburdened by scruples or foresight to offer us new "victories." Even Laos, even the services rendered as procurer of New Guinea for Sukarno, are regularly listed among our achievements.

We can coexist more or less peacefully with the Soviet Union provided that not just the United States but the Alliance as a whole stands up to our opponent, and provided we remember that for the Communists the game of coexistence demands constant expansion as substitute for aggressive war.

Again, let's watch Italy.

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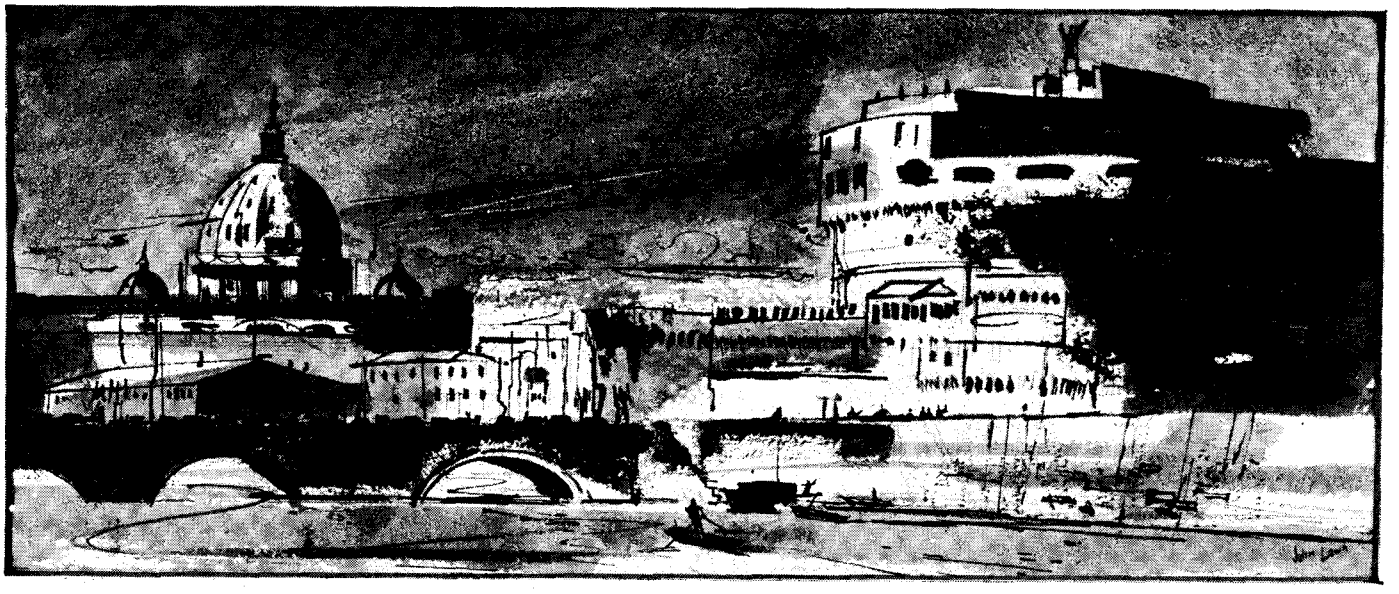

'Apertura a Sinistra': Second Round

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

ITALY is about to have a new center-left government to take up where the old one left off. After a five months' hiatus, the four parties —Christian Democrats (260 seats), Socialists (87 seats), Social Democrats (33 seats), and Republicans (6 seats) —are supposed now to assume their share of governmental responsibility. This time the Socialists will have their men in the cabinet, in contrast with the previous government, to which the Socialists contributed only parliamentary support.

There is a feeling of urgency in the air, for the economic crisis has reached alarming proportions. It was already apparent, while Amintore Fanfani's first center-left cabinet was in power last year, that the Italian economy was ailing. Since then it has deteriorated dramatically. After a golden decade of growth —during which the national income doubled, industrial production nearly tripled, and exports quadrupled —the Italians are suddenly faced with a $1-billion deficit in their balance of payments, a state budget deficit also rapidly approaching $1 billion, an alarming threat of inflation, and a capital market so stagnant that hardly a new stock or bond issue has been floated successfully for the past eight months or more. There is comfort in the eight per cent expansion rate projected for industry this year, but only up to a point. There won't be much more expansion unless the government can relieve these economic pressures before they get out of control.

ACCORDING TO businessmen here, the new government could hardly be less suited to the occasion, since the previous center-left cabinet was largely responsible for creating the present difficulties. The charge is not surprising, considering the source, and it is far too sweeping. Yet there is enough truth in it to hurt.

The Fanfani government was in trouble from the beginning. In the first place, it came to power just after the economy had reached triumphant heights and had already started to slow down. (The same thing was also happening throughout the Common Market.) Secondly, 1962 happened to be one of the coldest years in Italian memory, with ruinous effects on the crops. Furthermore, it was during the same year that the huge supply of cheap labor which had given Italian industry a competitive advantage abroad was starting to vanish. By 1962, skilled labor was so short here that bigger firms were sending scouts through Germany, Belgium, and France to lure Italian workers home; the once permanent pool of two million unemployed had dwindled to about 350,000; more than 1,200,000 rural southerners had been absorbed by northern industry; and the drain had even started in central Italy, where farmhands were abandoning the rich Umbrian and Tuscan land by the hundreds of thousands for factory jobs in Milan or Turin.

It was only natural that the workers should grow more demanding as the labor supply grew tighter—not just those in the north but all the workers, for the boom by now had changed the habits and desires of almost the whole population. With

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so many jobs available, the Italians' eternal fear of destitution was removed, and few were willing to tolerate their old conditions of servitude. Besides the Southerners and Sicilians who went north, for instance, some three million people had migrated *within* the south, moving from mountain hamlets to villages to towns to cities in quest of modern society's material pleasures; and even in these poorer cities, workers who had formerly eaten meat once a month and bought one pair of shoes a year now expected to eat and dress decently and own a TV set, a refrigerator, and at least a Vespa scooter, if not a Fiat 600.

MANY of these wants had gone unsatisfied until 1962 because, despite repeated trade-union onslaughts, Italian employers had succeeded in keeping wage increases below the rise in productivity. But with the advent of a sympathetic center-left government, the workers saw their chance and took it. The whole idea of this government, after all, was to win over an alienated working class; and its majority in parliament depended on a Socialist Party that, like the Communists, was mainly dependent on the support it could get from the workers' votes. The Communists, who had everything to gain from embarrassing such a government, were already demanding across-the-board wage increases of forty per cent; and under the circumstances, neither the Catholic labor federation, CISL, nor the Social Democratic UIL was willing or able to ask for less. The Fanfani cabinet had hardly been sworn in when a wave of strikes spread through Italy on a scale the country had not known since the first tumultuous years after the war. Many old Communist trade-union tactics were revived—the slowdowns, the planned mob violence, the sector-by-sector "hiccough" strikes which, during 1962, kept 1,200,000 metal workers, almost as many in civil service, and several hundred thousand construction workers in a rotating walkout lasting the better part of the year. Budget Minister Ugo La Malfa, who as an economist must have known the risk he was taking, could not afford to turn the workers down. During its fifteen months' tenure, the center-left cabinet sanctioned wage increases averaging sixteen per cent for the civil service, agriculture, and industry—an increase far surpassing the rise in productivity for the period and nearly three times higher than the growth in national income.

An improvement in wages and salaries was certainly overdue, and nothing much might have happened if the raises had been spaced out over a longer span of time. But it wasn't possible to give so many people so much extra money all at once, more than $2 billion, without distorting the economy. The most immediate effect was an explosion of installment buying and general consumer demand—for food, clothing, household appliances, automobiles—which in turn brought such a spurt in profits for middlemen and merchants that the middle class joined the buying spree too. Since Italy wasn't producing anywhere near enough to meet such demand, two things happened. In the first place, there was a quick jump in prices, which had already started to creep up earlier in the year. By the end of 1962, the cost of living was up 7.3 per cent over the end of 1961; by last July, it was up another eight per cent; and after a summer lull, the index has been climbing fast once again. Secondly, imports increased so massively that the former surplus figure in Italy's balance of payments quickly turned into a billion-dollar deficit. Because of last year's crop failures, food imports were especially heavy. Between last January and July, sugar imports rose from 12,320 tons to 304,700; meat from 66,990 to 184,910; milk and butter from 22,110 to 38,500; vegetables from 95,810 to 150,700. Nevertheless, there were plenty of less essential items on the swelling import bill—including $200 million worth of foreign automobiles—whose total by now makes it plain that the Italians are living beyond their means.

For the moment, that isn't necessarily calamitous. Italy can draw on ample reserves ($3.5 billion in gold and foreign currency) to meet the present emergency, and its credit abroad is still good enough to permit generous borrowing from the Euromarket. But such expedients obviously cannot be relied on for long. As most economists see it, the Italians must either reduce their increasingly expensive standard of living in the very near future or manage somehow to produce more—and above all, export more. The first solution is politically impossible: there isn't a politician in Italy who would venture to suggest it. While the second solution is technically possible, it too may prove to be immensely difficult.

Nationalization and Big Business

There isn't much doubt that the incoming center-left cabinet will be confronted by a business world that still resents the shock of last year's wage increases and, to say the least, is unfriendly. Where many manufacturers have simply passed their higher wage costs on to the consumer, others facing the worst rigors of Common Market competition—Fiat and Montecatini, for instance—could not afford to raise their prices. As a consequence, their profit margins have been squeezed to the point where they can no longer finance their own expansion in anything like the old proportions. Under normal circumstances, they might have found the money they needed in the capital market. But here too several measures taken by the Fanfani cabinet had created a critical situation.

First, there was the nationalization of Italy's $25-billion electrical industry. Nearly all the economists (and several cabinet ministers) were agreed that this step was unnecessary. The state already controlled a quarter of this industry through its own holding company, IRI, and might just as easily have corrected abuses in the industry as a whole by extending and strengthening these controls as by outright ownership. Nevertheless, the Socialist Party had insisted on nationalization as a primary condition for supporting the whole center-left experiment—it was the great prize they hoped to display before the working class in last May's election campaign—and accordingly the law was passed. It could not be called confiscatory because compensation was provided for. But the Socialists, particularly, presented it to the public as a punitive measure against Italy's greedy business system, with the strong implication that other such

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measures would follow. The businessmen reacted as might have been predicted, and in a few months the flow of capital into the market slowed to a halt.

Their reaction might have been less sharp if the government had not introduced another law, imposing a fifteen per cent withholding tax on dividends. What bothered investors wasn't the tax itself but a clause requiring that their names should be sent to fiscal authorities along with it—a deeply upsetting prospect for stockholders who were wholly unaccustomed to mentioning dividends when filing their income-tax returns. In reply to this challenge, thousands of big, medium, and small investors have cleared out of the stock market altogether, preferring to put their money into something safer like real estate—where, because of acute urban congestion, returns might be anywhere from fifteen to fifty per cent or more. A great many others have sold their stocks and sent their money to Switzerland—$500 million worth of lire in 1962 and twice that much so far this year. About three-quarters of this money has been returning to Italy in the form of Swiss-held accounts, some to be reinvested in the stock market (unexposed to fiscal prying), some to be held cautiously in banks here until the financial horizon clears. Should it fail to clear, however, the money can be freely converted into dollars at any time, adding to the strain on Italy's balance of payments. (The strain is already growing because of a black market in dollars now operating in Milan.) What's more, close to $400 million of this fugitive capital has not come back into Italy at all.

UNTIL now, the shortage in the capital market has been covered by the Bank of Italy; by printing more money to raise banking liquidity, it has enabled Italian banks to buy up the securities issues that the public was failing to buy (about half the total last year). But in his annual report last May 31, the governor of the bank, Guido Carli, warned that he could not continue this practice much longer. Because of industry's reduced possibilities for self-financing in 1962, he said, the Central Bank had felt duty-bound to intervene "so as not to endanger the continuity of growth." That had been possible, however, only because Italy had a balance-of-payments surplus to take care of the larger demand for imports that would come as more money was put into circulation. "But in 1963," Carli went on, "our balance of payments is heavily in deficit. . . . We would not be doing our duty if we failed to give notice that under present conditions we cannot go on creating liquidity generating an excess of demand over domestic supply . . . If we did, we would risk an external deficit of such dimensions . . . that the situation . . . would cease to be controllable."

What this meant was that any further productive expansion would have to depend primarily on the increased savings and investments of private citizens. Nothing could have implied more plainly that the government would have to regain the confidence, not just of Italy's big business, but of many other Italians of some means who, for fear of inflation, are now buying apartments or cars with money they would ordinarily keep in savings accounts. For Carli also warned that unless the country could amass enough savings to cover its total requirements, there would have to be a "critical reappraisal . . . of all expenditures which have to be financed on the capital market"—whether for the state or for private companies—with "priorities established and less urgent expenditures postponed."

That wasn't all Governor Carli said. If Italy's national income was to continue growing at an annual rate of five or six per cent, he pointed out, it could "rely on nothing except export expansion." This meant that the country would have to save more, invest more, and produce more in order to "safeguard the international competitive strength of the economy." Italian industry had enjoyed "comparative advantages abroad since 1953 because of lower labor costs," he went on. But last year's wage increases had whittled the competitive margin down to the point "where it cannot be whittled any further with impunity." In other words, there could be no question of additional wage increases—whatever might happen to the cost of living—without a comparable rise in productivity.

For all the serious problems he had listed, Carli did not end on a note of black pessimism. The economy was still capable of recovery and healthy growth, he concluded, provided the problems were attended to "energetically . . . in the immediate future." Nevertheless, no one who read the statement could doubt that the age of the Italian miracle was over.

The Carli report appeared just when the center-left leaders were opening negotiations to form a new cabinet after the Fanfani government had resigned. The cabinet crisis had been precipitated by the April elections, which showed an increase in the Communist vote that was greatly disturbing to those who had seen in the opening to the Left the best chance to make a dent in the Communist ranks.

The Socialists, it was generally assumed, would have had to participate in the new cabinet. But they had been in the opposition for a long time and were not as prepared as the Christian Democrats to grasp the urgency of Carli's report. Moreover, they were divided among themselves. Their general secretary, Pietro Nenni, was willing to compromise, but the more doctrinaire wing led by Riccardo Lombardi refused to trim its demands; and after weeks of futile dickering, negotiations collapsed.

Whatever the errors of the outgoing center-left government, the failure to form a new one last June has has proved incomparably more harmful. In June, as Carli has pointed out, the forces making for economic crisis were still controllable. But with the country drifting aimlessly for five months under Premier Giovanni Leone's powerless caretaker cabinet, the situation became genuinely dangerous. Prices kept rising, the external deficit kept growing, the stock market kept falling, and morale followed suit. After years of invincible optimism, the Italians are beginning to lose that confidence in the future which is indispensable to economic recovery.

The need to restore their confidence has become so evident that even the Lombardi Socialists have shown some inclination to compromise.

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But whatever agreement they might reach with the Christian Democrats to meet the emergency, their difference in approach to the nation's problems is fundamental. For where the Christian Democrats are essentially interested in preserving Italy's mixed economy, the Socialists' ultimate aim is to wipe out its free-enterprise sector.

Socialism on the March

The difference was not so apparent last year, when the Socialists were merely supporting the center-left experiment from the outside, with their parliamentary votes. For the first time in their long tradition of opposition and extremism, however, they are preparing now to enter the government and play a direct role in shaping national policy. In making this historic decision at their recent Thirty-fifth Congress, they have also made it clear that they are not joining the government simply to improve the conditions of the Italian working class but to "transfer to public hands the power of decision over investments, capital formation, consumption, savings," as Lombardi put it—in short, to establish the conditions for a socialist society.

This need not prevent agreement on an immediate issue like checking inflation. The Socialists have already agreed rather unhappily that the incoming government must hold the line with equal vigor on prices and wages for the time being; that it must curb less necessary manufactured imports so that still larger quantities of food can be imported to hold domestic prices; and that, until its finances have improved, the state must make no new investments without a comparable reduction in some old ones (the Fanfani cabinet having made new commitments amounting to $2.5 billion). They have even agreed with the Christian Democrats about what kind of investments to reduce: not those needed for schools, workers' housing, or development of the south and of agriculture in general, but others such as the $1.6-billion program for building superhighways. Beyond that point, however, the ways part.

The Christian Democrats, for example, consider it vital for Italy's free-market economy to get the flow of private capital moving again. The new cabinet, they say, might set stiffer ground rules for private industry, and intervene in some economic sectors if necessary. But it must also give the capitalists firm reassurance that there will be no fresh punitive expeditions, and certainly none of last year's kind. "We consider private initiative an irreplaceable foundation of our economic life," said their leader, Aldo Moro, who will probably be the next premier. "That is why we have said, and we repeat, that there will be no further nationalization."

The Socialists assure the opposite. The Italian business system,

they say, has shown enough civic irresponsibility, and if nationalization is the price required for social reform, it will have to be paid. Should private capital fail to flow back into the market, it will be up to the government to make up the difference by having its own agencies —public banks, credit institutions, social-insurance boards—buy up security issues; and should private industry still fail to expand sufficiently, the government must invest more in state-owned industries "to accelerate productive expansion," especially of goods for export. Far from giving any guarantees against future nationalization, the Socialists are insisting on another form of nationalization which, though it may not affect many industrialists directly, can hardly contribute to their peace of mind.

Before stepping down last spring, the Fanfani cabinet had been studying the draft of a town-planning law whose otherwise admirable provisions included a plan which the British Labour Party had already tried and abandoned, under the Attlee government. The plan called for generalized expropriation of all building lands surrounding urban centers. Landowners would be indemnified on the basis of their property's agricultural value—"a comical suggestion," according to one landowner—and the city or state would then grant "surface" building rights for a not yet specified but not indefinite length of time. Considering the practices and profits of the big real-estate operators here, the plan had a strong element of social justice. But it would also strike at thousands of smaller homeowners and investors—including a great many workers—whose life savings are tied up in a few acres of suburban land. Furthermore, it was bound to end up by nationalizing not just building lands but practically the entire $2.5-billion building industry, since few private investors would be intrepid enough to put up an expensive building that a city council might later tear down. In many of the most prosperous Italian cities the city administration is already in the hands of the Communists, alone or allied with the Socialists.

Although the law had been drafted by a left-wing Christian Democrat, Fiorentino Sullo, it is said to have appalled Moro, who warned the Socialist leaders last June that such a law would halt all private building in Italy for at least the next three years. For the Socialist Party, however, the Sullo measure has become this year's equivalent of last year's proposal to nationalize the electrical industry—a primary condition for supporting the Center-Left experiment as a whole.

Well Beyond a New Deal

In his remarkably frank speech to the Socialist Party congress, Lombardi explained why. Speaking for his own fraction of the party, Lombardi pointed out that in the last ten years something he called neo-capitalism had shown such enlightened, progressive tendencies that in another five years, or ten at most, it would be able to achieve a "welfare state" without Socialist intervention. In this materially satisfying state, the political atmosphere would be

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so "arid" that the working class could no longer get what it most desired. "Italian workers today are not just asking for bread or housing," he asserted; "they are hungry for power." To ensure their accession to power, therefore, the Socialists would have to "insert themselves into this economic process" before it was too late. Once in the government, they could do that through a form of "democratic planning . . . [which would] introduce a countermechanism in our economic-social system to challenge the present mechanism of neo-capitalist development." This required a series of shocks that would "throw out of balance the capitalist world," one of which had already been delivered. "Directly after the electrical industry was nationalized," he said, "we declared that we had deliberately created this state of disarray and were ready to do it again whenever the need arose, so as to put new levers, new reins, in the public's hands." The nationalization of electricity, he added, had been a "test" of the Christian Democrats' willingness to "rupture their traditional ties," and they had passed it. "As a result," he concluded, "we have blunted capitalism's first instrument; and if you give us the strength, we will blunt its second one: speculation in real estate."

The definition Lombardi gave of the Socialists' economics objectives has cleared up a most important point: if the Socialists have their way, Italy's second round of center-left government is certainly not going to be anything comparable to the Rooseveltian New Deal that many people here and abroad have been expecting. In fact, it could lead to something so different that the Christian Democrats may refuse to go on with the experiment altogether. Whether they do or not will depend on the Socialists' specific demands in the current negotiations to form the next cabinet; and whether these demands are tempered or not will depend on Riccardo Lombardi.

LOMBARDI does not, of course, speak for the entire Socialist Party. His group is a faction within the Socialist majority (57.4 per cent) favoring participation in the government—the other 42.6 per cent being flatly opposed to such participation unless the Communists are also included. Nevertheless, the Lombardi faction refused last June to accept the compromise that Nenni had worked out with the Christian Democrats for a new cabinet; and the same faction now controls fifteen of the fifty-nine seats allotted to Nenni's slim majority in the party's 101-man central committee. Without Lombardi, then, Nenni cannot carry his party.

There is no doubt that Nenni was shaken by Lombardi's speech. Though old and tired, he spoke vigorously to defend his own considerably more moderate position. The Socialists, he said, could not enter the government on terms that would "injure the dignity of the party or the interests of the working class." But if they did not accept reasonable terms, there wouldn't be any center-left government. The only alternative would be a polarization either to the Right or to the Left, equally disastrous to the Socialist Party and the working class.

Since many Christian Democrats agree with Nenni—it was their fear of much the same thing that induced them to make the center-left experiment in the first place—they too are desperately anxious to reach a reasonable compromise. But many other Christian Democrats maintain that since their party cannot conceivably reconcile its position with Lombardi's, any compromise that he endorsed would be surrender; and even those who want most to see the experiment succeed are aware that an endorsement by Lombardi today is not likely to prove enduring. Because of the pressing economic crisis, it is possible that center-left leaders will manage to form some kind of government under these circumstances. How long such a government might survive is another question.

Berlin: The Erosion Of a Principle

JEAN EDWARD SMITH

THE RECENT confrontations of Soviet guards and U.S. convoys on the autobahn to Berlin clearly illustrated four dangerous factors in the much larger and more complex confrontation of political and military forces in the heart of Europe:

¶ The incomplete political awareness of too many local military officials.

¶ The high escalation potential of the continuing Berlin stalemate.

¶ The domestic political dependence of the Kennedy administration on continued Soviet good behavior.

¶ The precariousness of the western position in Berlin (and elsewhere) as a result of this dependence.

Politically, the incidents occurred in a period of a thaw in the cold war. One day before the first confrontation on October 10, President Kennedy had approved the sale of wheat to Russia. A fortnight before that he had proposed a joint shot to the moon. The test ban still was very much in everyone's mind, and to many a new era of good feeling seemed to be at hand.

Since much of the impetus for the change in East-West relations had come from the President himself, Mr. Kennedy's diplomatic freedom of action seemed curtailed. He was dependent on maintaining the image of Soviet goodwill. When the Soviets demanded that our soldiers dismount to be counted, it was therefore quickly interpreted as a new Soviet harassment, a device to test the administration, and as an attempt to nibble further at western rights.

There was much to encourage this view. Both Germany and Britain were experiencing a change in government. In Italy, the political complexion of the new cabinet remained unclear. Growing strains in the western camp also seemed to justify a move on Russia's part.

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Tactically, the situation looked ideal for a Soviet initiative. Nikita Khrushchev was off in the hinterlands. Should anything miscarry, the whole operation could be disowned. Subordinate military officers would conduct the exercise for the Soviet Union, and the Kremlin could stand clear. Then too, the test would take place within Soviet-controlled territory with only Soviet personnel participating so that the chances of escalation could be kept under immediate Russian control. If need be, the incident could be explained as merely another "confusion" arising from the admittedly complex rules of entry to Berlin. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, Andrei Gromyko would be in Washington. He could appraise U.S. reaction at first hand, and gauge exactly how far the Kennedy administration would go.

Events seem to support this analysis. Gromyko was scheduled to meet with President Kennedy late Thursday afternoon, October 10. The convoys were halted at Marienborn early that morning—in plenty of time to allow the message to filter upward.

This is exactly what happened. According to the New York *Times,* news of the holdup "was rushed to Secretary of State Dean Rusk just before he went to the White House meeting between President Kennedy and Mr. Gromyko."

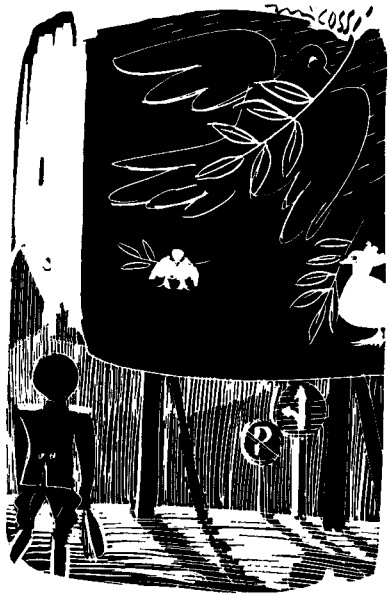
Gromyko conferred with President Kennedy for two hours. According to the press, Mr. Kennedy expressed concern over the incident and Gromyko expressed surprise. He said he was "unaware" of any unusual activity on the Berlin autobahn and would inquire about it. It was a rerun of Gromyko's visit of October, 1962. Then he had appraised the President's determination over the missiles in Cuba; now he was being employed on a similar mission.

When the Soviet foreign minister left the White House, he spoke affably to reporters outside and then went to the Soviet embassy to prepare for the evening's banquet for Secretary Rusk. The convoys at Marienborn were still impounded. They had been there for almost fifteen hours. At about 7:15 P.M. they were inexplicably released. At the close of the evening, word was brought to Secretary Rusk that the convoy was again held up, this time at the Babelsberg checkpoint outside Berlin.

The pattern seemed clear. Moscow was up to its old tricks again, and the now not-so-new men in Washington had been left holding the bag.

The Head-Count Blunder

This, at the time, seemed the obvious and only conclusion. But we now know that while Soviet reaction came from the highest political levels in



Moscow, the incident itself was triggered partly by lack of perception by the U.S. military, and partly by Soviet alertness to exploit any such laxity.

Suppose we look at what was involved. In reality, the issue was clearly defined. Moscow demanded that the personnel in two U.S. convoys dismount for a head count. The first convoy, consisting of eighteen vehicles and sixty-one men, was heading for Berlin; the second, of twenty-five vehicles and seventy-five men, for West Germany. Both had been held at Marienborn, the western terminus of the autobahn in the Soviet Zone. They were released shortly after Gromyko left the White House, but the convoy heading to Berlin was then detained at Babelsberg, the eastern terminus of the autobahn just outside Berlin's city limits.

The question appeared to turn on a technicality. By virtue of the New York and Paris agreements lifting the blockade in 1949, free access for allied military forces was reaffirmed as a matter of right. And since this was a right, not a privilege, troops moving along the autobahn had never dismounted. The Soviets were simply told how many men were in the convoy, and then had to verify it as best they could. But in 1961 an unfortunate precedent had been set: a convoy had dismounted for the count.

The incident occurred on the morning of August 20, 1961, when the 18th Infantry under Colonel Glover S. Johns, Jr., was rushing to reinforce West Berlin. The troops were due to join Vice-President Johnson in the city at noon. To facilitate the processing at the checkpoint, a Soviet control officer suggested that the soldiers dismount to speed up the count. The various convoy commanders, in a hurry to get moving, agreed.

The story does not end there. In Berlin, the various troop commanders—the captains, majors, and colonels who commanded the everyday shuttling along the autobahn—thought they saw a good thing. Here was a way to shorten clearance through the checkpoints. All one had to do was order the troops out of the trucks for a head count.

This is exactly what happened. Dismounting became a standard practice. There were no fancy formulas, no "convenience" rules; everyone simply did it to save time.

No one at the political level seemed aware of this, however. They learned about it only in late February, 1962, and then almost by chance. *Neues Deutschland,* the Ulbricht house organ in East Berlin, printed a picture of an American convoy with the troops all lined up by their vehicles while a Soviet officer passed by counting

Consternation in Berlin was immediate. The military saw the implications of their "speed-up" practice and, after a brief buck-passing spasm in which responsibility quickly sought the lowest level, decided to end the process abruptly. The commanding general would simply order the troops *not* to get out of the vehicles and that would be that.

But of course that would not be

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PROGRESS REPORT ON HYBRID ROCKET MOTOR DEVELOPMENT AT UTC

■ Hybrid rocket motors, which commonly use high-energy solid fuel and liquid oxidizers, offer the potential of very high performance coupled with simplified on-off capability and modulated thrust. Hybrid motors could be important for a variety of tasks ranging from large segmented booster engines — alone or in clusters — to tiny attitude control units for space vehicles and propulsion back-packs for spacemen.

■ Hybrid motors offer certain specific advantages: they have higher I_{sp} (specific impulse) than either solid propellant motors or current storable liquid rocket engines; only one oxidizer flow valve is involved, therefore hybrids can be built that are easier to handle than liquid engines — easier to throttle, start and stop, even in space; they come in smaller, less complicated packages than comparable liquid fuel engines, because more than half the "plumbing" is eliminated; and a hybrid engine will operate normally regardless of chamber pressure, initial grain temperature, or cracks, flaws or voids in the grain.

■ Because the hybrid's fuel is separated from its oxidizer, it is much more economical to produce and is safer to handle than propellants which already contain an oxidizer. Large hybrid grains can easily be segmented for transportation to assembly site. And clusters of hybrids could be "idled" at low throttle to permit pre-flight inspection prior to liftoff.

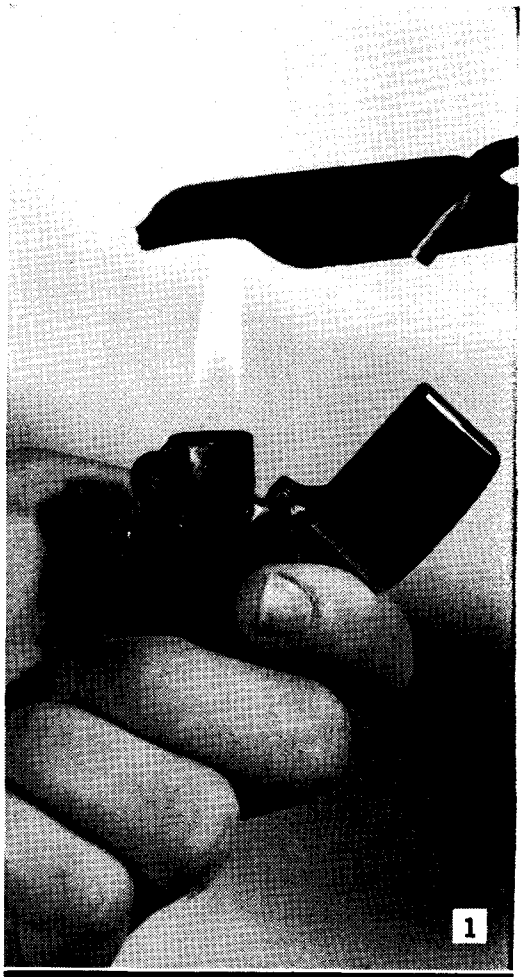
■ UTC has been interested in hybrid rocket motors since the company's formation — a long time on the aerospace clock. Over a year ago, UTC test-fired a 10,000-pound-thrust hybrid motor at its huge Development Center at Coyote, California. The success of this test spurred follow-up studies at UTC, which ranged from literally thousands of small-bore stability firings to prolonged (over 600 seconds) duration tests.

■ On company-funded programs, as well as under Navy, USAF and ARPA contracts, UTC has designed, built, and tested a variety of hybrid rocket motors. A year ago, state-of-the-art hybrids were plagued with uneven burning. Now smooth, stable combustion has been achieved.

■ A space-storable hybrid motor which UTC designed for upper-stage applications has demonstrated higher I_{sp} than any storable rocket propulsion device yet tested in the 1000-pound thrust range.

■ UTC's extensive research, development, and test facilities both at its Sunnyvale headquarters and at its sprawling Coyote Development Center are manned by widely-experienced scientists and management personnel. They have the finest modern equipment at their disposal, as well as the talent and resources of the entire Center. Moreover, the support of the parent company, United Aircraft, is a real asset to UTC.

■ Hybrid motors are not expected to replace either solid or liquid propellant rocket motors now in use. Advanced assignments that impose limitations beyond the design of current systems will determine the hybrid's future role. They form the natural bridge between UTC's activities in space-storable liquid propellant rocket engines and its solid propellant rocket motor program, which includes the role of prime contractor for the first stage of USAF Titan III C.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UNITED TECHNOLOGY CENTER

SUNNYVALE, CALIFORNIA

DIVISION OF UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

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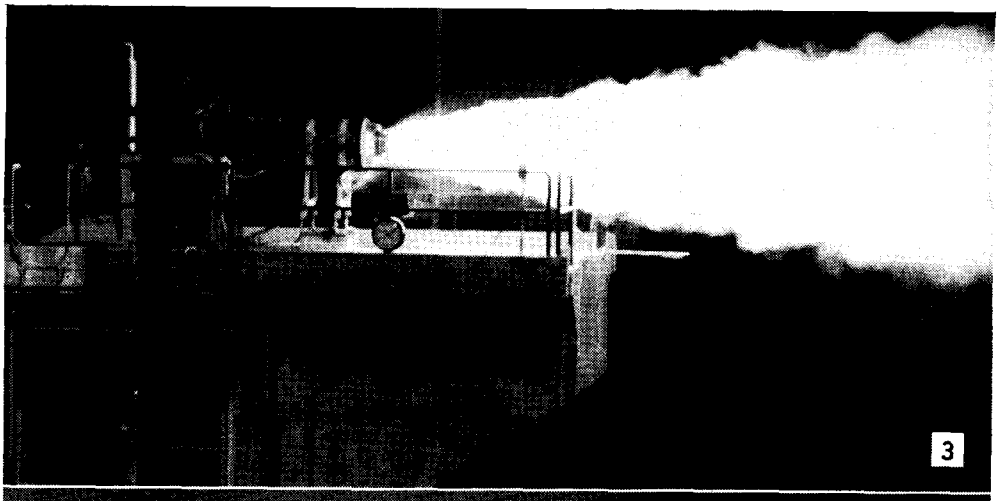

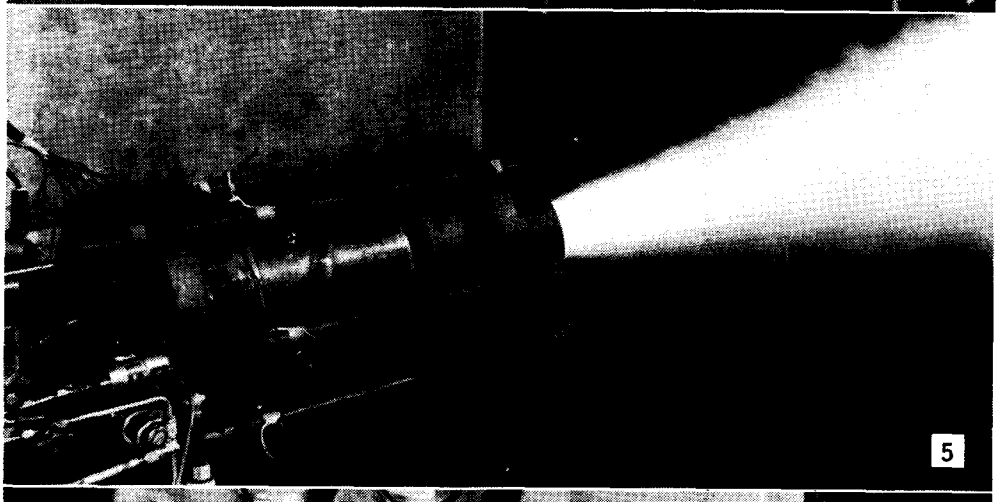

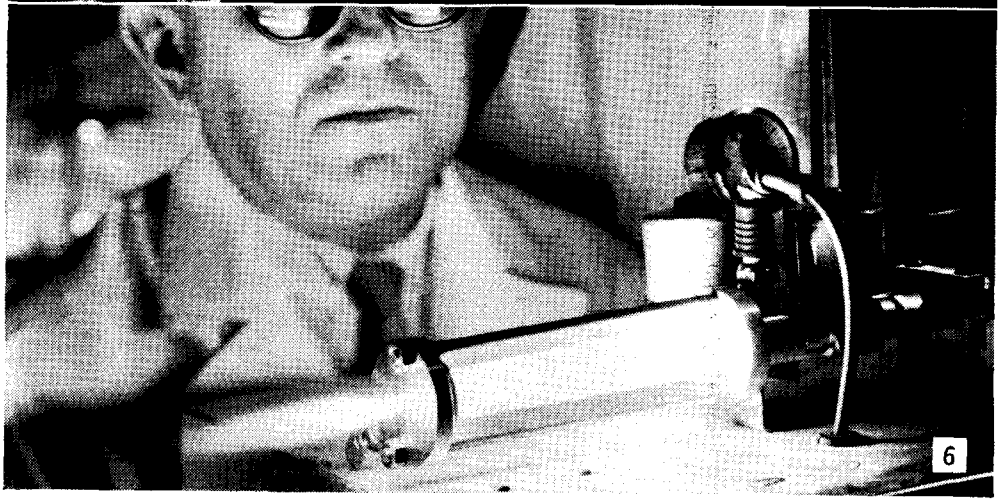

1. HYBRID FUEL DOGBONE is exposed to bare flame, yet will not burn. It will ignite hypergolically when oxidizer is applied. Because there is little danger of inadvertent ignition, processing and handling problems are greatly reduced for hybrid motor grains.

■

2. STEADY BURNING, shown in bottom photo, is possible now with UTC's advanced fuels. Top photo shows uneven burning which cost hybrids up to 25% of potential energy as recently as two years ago.

■

3. 10,000 - LB. - THRUST HYBRID rocket motor was fired at UTC's huge Development Center near Coyote, California, early in 1962. This fully successful firing culminated early research and gave powerful impetus to a continuing hybrid program at UTC.

■

4. VERY HIGH PERFORMANCE fuel and oxidizer provide this segmented 5" hybrid rocket motor with over 800 lbs. of thrust in a recent test firing.

■

5. 12-INCH HYBRID MOTOR undergoes one of a series of firings in the 1,000-lb. thrust range. Numerous tests show that even major cracks in the surface of the grain have no effect at all on combustion because the hybrid's active combustion zone is away from the surface of the grain.

■

6. SMALL HYBRID TEST MOTOR is an off-the-shelf item at UTC. More than 10,000 firings without failure show its reliability.

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that. After more than six months of dismounting, there was slim chance that the Soviets would be so obliging. Had the military had its way, a serious confrontation over access would have developed. In the winter of 1961-1962 this was one confrontation the United States could well do without, and wiser heads prevailed.

General Lucius D. Clay, the President's representative in Berlin, intervened personally. He told the military not to force the issue. Our troops had been dismounting since August, and should we suddenly refuse, he said, the Soviets probably wouldn't let the convoy through. We would then be forced into the position of either shooting our way through or backing down. The first was clearly out of the question and the second would be a blow to West Berlin's morale, which was still recuperating from the shock inflicted by the Wall in August, 1961.

Clay suggested a different course. Instead of a refusal to dismount, the response should be varied. First, a few small convoys with only drivers should be sent through. These need not dismount since their numbers could be ascertained easily. The size of the convoys not dismounting could be gradually increased. Simultaneously, however, larger convoys should make the trip and—as usual—should line up for the Soviet head count. In other words, the Russians were to be kept guessing, and while they were guessing, the size of the convoys not dismounting would get larger and larger until finally the precedent had been eroded.

Misapplying Clay's Formula

The success of this maneuver clearly depended on the Russians' not realizing what was happening. General Clay emphasized gradualness and flexibility. Any possible Soviet order to dismount had to be anticipated in time for the convoy commander to give the order himself. We had to be the ones who were in control of the exercise, even if this meant continuing to dismount over a long period of time. For the most important consideration was that our right of access remain unimpaired.

This, then, was the situation when the first incident occurred last month. We were still nibbling at the precedent set in August, 1961; and the U.S. garrison in Berlin, taking advantage of the growing détente, elected to try the issue once more on October 10. Unfortunately, the requisite finesse was lacking. Under the Clay formula, flexibility was an essential ingredient. When it appeared that the Soviets were going to balk, as soon became evident, the convoy should have dismounted before the issue was joined. As it was, the convoy commander—acting under orders that were far too rigid—refused to give in, and national prestige became involved.

It would be wrong, however, to assume that the American command in Berlin was acting solely on its own. The suggestion to take advantage of the East-West thaw to undermine the dismounting precedent further was probably submitted to USAREUR headquarters in Heidelberg, and perhaps even to SACEUR in Paris.

The idea was commendable. What was wrong was that the Berlin Command, departing from the Clay technique, saw the exercise as a matter of principle and not as a probe to be broken off before strenuous opposition was encountered.

This incident reveals a great deal about Clay's own virtuosity in dealing with the Soviets. During his long tenure in Berlin, the general never selected a test case in which the burden of resisting would be on the United States. He never placed himself—or the United States—in a position of shooting or backing down. Instead, each issue was so selected that the burden of responsibility rested squarely with the Communists. If they didn't want him to fly to Steinstücken, *they* would have to shoot, for the general's helicopter was already in the air. The burden for taking decisive action was always neatly shifted by Clay onto his opponents.

Such subtleties are probably beyond most military men. Like many observers here, the local Berlin officials simply assumed that Clay was succeeding because he was "standing firm." Certainly the general stood firm. But he chose his issues with incomparable skill, and in no case placed himself in the position where the United States would bear the responsibility for firing the first shot.

Unfortunately, the first autobahn incident was not so carefully selected. For if the Soviets had not decided to allow our convoy through, we would have had no choice but to shoot or dismount. And no one has ever assumed that the United States should go to war over the reluctance of soldiers to dismount.

THIS BRINGS US to the heart of the problem. Why did the Soviets let this first convoy through if the troops did not dismount? In West Berlin at that time, the military assumed that the United States had scored a new cold-war victory. But had we? Suppose we examine what happened.

The Soviets initially held the convoy for fifteen hours at Marienborn. Obviously they knew what was taking place, and obviously decided to prevent it. Also, the Soviets held trumps. The convoy was at their mercy. It could not move unless they released it, and there was no reason for them to do so unless the soldiers dismounted.

It is logical to assume that Gromyko cabled Moscow and that Moscow agreed with him, at least to the point of releasing the convoy at Marienborn. But whether the military then convinced the Kremlin that it couldn't really lose by forcing the issue or whether the Kremlin decided this independently is immaterial. The point is that after getting Gromyko off the hot seat, the

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Soviets held the line again at Babelsberg.

This was the situation when Secretary Rusk left the Soviet embassy after the banquet on October 10. The Soviets were holding the convoy at Babelsberg, and we refused to dismount.

President Kennedy undoubtedly was in an uncomfortable position that night. He had firmly, perhaps irrevocably, committed himself to a reelection campaign based on peace and prosperity and on improving relations with Russia. Perhaps the Soviets even shared this desire, but now, because of incidents not really designed by either side, the whole accord—to say nothing of Mr. Kennedy's campaign pitch—seemed to be drifting away. Washington's interest was pressing, but Moscow held better cards. And these two factors produced a settlement decidedly contrary to our best interests in Berlin.

Where We Backed Down

The serious dealing began Friday morning, October 11. From Ambassador Anatoly F. Dobrynin, Washington learned that Moscow was not interested in pressing the showdown. The same message was relayed from Moscow by U.S. Ambassador Foy Kohler. According to press reports, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Valerian A. Zorin had indicated to Kohler that Russia "planned no major Berlin confrontation." Since this was also Washington's position, the problem became clear: how to find a face-saving compromise. But the pressure to do this was on Washington, not Moscow. The Soviets could afford to wait.

Early Friday afternoon the compromise began to take shape. It was presented to the western four-power working groups in Washington in mid-afternoon, and to the President in the late afternoon. Everyone's approval was obtained.

At 7 P.M. the plan was put into operation. Ambassador Dobrynin was invited to an unannounced meeting in the State Department with Soviet Affairs adviser Llewellyn Thompson, who explained the rules of access to him. Ambassador Dobrynin knew the rules as well as Thompson, and both knew that some convoys of the size of the one being held had been dismounting in the past. But this was the essence of the stratagem. By explaining the procedures to the Soviet ambassador, Thompson was committing the United States government to abide by those procedures. In other words, the United States would be implicitly recognizing that access to Berlin was something less than total. It was Soviet acceptance of this concession that secured the release of the convoy.

The rule as explained by Mr. Thompson is worth noting. Whenever the number of combat troops in

any convoy exceeded thirty, all personnel would dismount for the Soviet head count. Drivers and assistant drivers, usually two to a vehicle, were not to be counted as combat troops.

This was not a standing practice. It was devised Friday afternoon, October 11, as a means for extricating the convoy held at Babelsberg, and subsequently was imposed on the U.S. Berlin Command from Washington. The first time the people in authority in Berlin learned of the formula was when they saw it in the papers. They were subsequently ordered to comply.

When advised of the U.S. "formula," Dobrynin apparently recognized the gambit. Perhaps he also recognized the possible advantages for the Soviet Union, for now the United States was on record that the right of access was something less than total. Also, the so-called formula was tortuously complex. The Soviets had been given a new field for activity. They could now begin to shave the precedent, and if the rule supposedly was thirty, what about twenty-eight? Would the United States really risk war over two men more or less? Probably not. And what about five men, more or less?

Indeed, the Soviets went right to work. The next week a British convoy was halted. Why? The Russians were testing British response. Having made some unexpected progress, having picked up some loose slices of salami, the Soviets were probing for more.

The same was true of the most recent autobahn incident, on November 4. This time the Soviet challenge was explicit. When the U.S. convoy commander (of twelve vehicles and forty-four men, twenty-four of them drivers and their assistants) asserted that under the new procedure his convoy was too small to dismount for the head count, the Russian control officer said, "It is the Soviets and not the allied authorities who determine convoy processing procedures."

Thus there was a vital difference in character between the Soviet blockade of the U.S. convoy on October 10 and the blockade of the second convoy on November 4. In the first instance, both the Americans and the Russians were able to state that there was at least an element of low-level mistake. But in the second, the United States was in the position of having advised the Soviets directly of the rules under which it would in the future have its troops dismount and be counted. The second convoy had only twenty combat troops—ten under the figure of thirty the United States had set for itself. The second convoy was operating under instructions that had the full approval of Washington, and the Soviet blockade was just as obviously ordered from Moscow. The second convoy was a deliberate "challenge convoy" sent down the autobahn to test Soviet willingness to abide by the U.S. ground rules. By stopping the convoy for forty-one hours, the Soviets were making a direct challenge and serving notice that further harassments may be expected on the autobahn whenever they feel that such action is in their interests.

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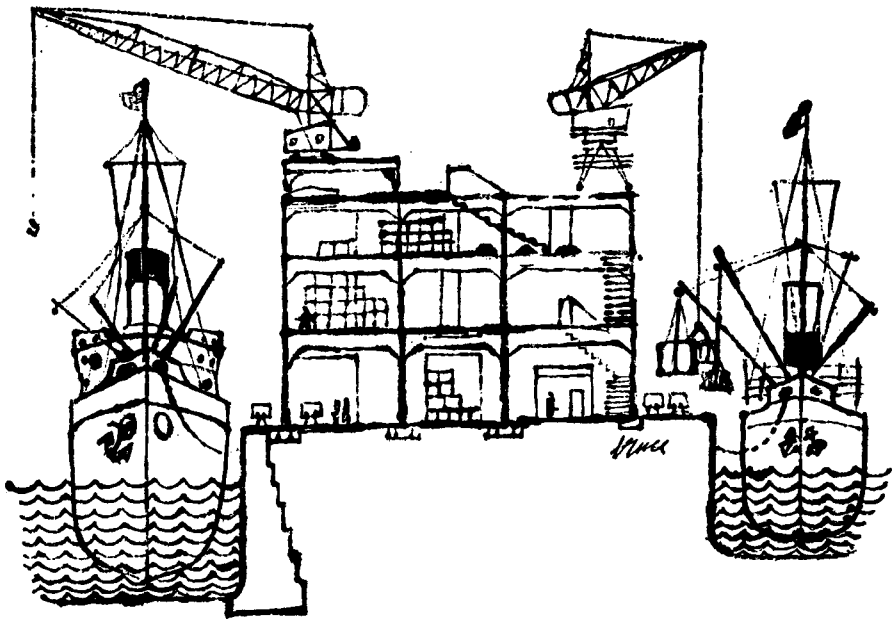

The Battle of the Great Lakes

WILLIAM J. EATON

NOT MANY labor-management disputes involve two heads of government, blockade of an international waterway, clashes between two powerful labor federations, and sailors' brawls. The current interunion squabble on the Great Lakes has been an extraordinary exception. It has received attention from President Kennedy and Canadian Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson, interrupted traffic on the St. Lawrence Seaway, strained relations between the AFL-CIO and its Canadian counterpart, and touched off gunfire and violence on the Great Lakes waterfront.

Many observers fear this two-year-old labor feud could spread and tie up virtually all Canadian ships, imperil Canada's $500-million wheat deal with the Soviet Union, and possibly provoke another shutdown of the Seaway. This helps explain why the President and his advisers are so concerned about arranging an armistice in the sailors' war that has fomented strife along a traditionally peaceful border.

Kennedy and Pearson gave this industrial conflict second highest priority in their Hyannisport talks last spring following the Liberal government's narrow election victory. (The dispute was outranked only by the troublesome question of placing U.S. nuclear-tipped missiles on Canadian soil.) The two leaders called for a display of responsibility by the unions involved, but the battle only grew hotter.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk took time out from a Vietnam crisis in late September to do some high-level handholding with Canada's foreign minister after a dynamite bomb damaged a Canadian freighter in Chicago. Averell Harriman was no sooner back from negotiating a test ban with the Russians than he was assigned to negotiate a ban on picketing Canadian ships with U.S. labor leaders. (He failed.) Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz, who has carried the burden of American peacemaking efforts, flew hastily to Ottawa for talks after the bombing episode. President Kennedy had to issue a conciliatory statement to calm Canadians down after a mild remark by Wirtz was denounced as unwarranted interference in Canada's internal affairs.

Paradoxically, the man now widely regarded in Canada as the villain in the dispute is an American who was invited to intervene in Canada's affairs in 1948. At that time the Communist-dominated Canadian Seamen's Union was creating turmoil on the inland lakes by embarking on a series of violent strikes. Shipowners joined with Canadian labor leaders to appeal to the American-based Seafarers International Union (SIU) for help.

Help was forthcoming from Harry (Lunchbox) Lundberg, the late SIU president, who sent his right-hand man, Harold C. (Hal) Banks, to help the Canadians.

Banks, an Iowa-born ex-convict with a reputation for toughness, was sent to form a Canadian branch of the SIU and drive the Red-tinged union off the waterfront. He was welcomed into Canada at the time although he had served three years in San Quentin prison for passing bad checks in 1930. Banks also had been accused—and acquitted—of carrying dangerous weapons, burglary, and murder in the United States. (In 1951 he received a pardon from the then governor of California, Earl Warren, on the check conviction.)

But he succeeded in destroying the left-wing Seamen's Union with help from such varied sources as the Liberal government then in power in Canada and British dock workers who refused to handle cargoes on ships manned by the Communist-led organization. Banks, who then became president of SIU-Canada, was praised for stabilizing the shipping industry. The SIU became the dominant union on the lakes before the ice cracked for the 1950 shipping season.

The domineering, bull-necked Banks soon ran into more trouble with the police in Montreal. Charges of assault, libel, and possession of sawed-off shotguns were placed against him and then dismissed for lack of evidence. He was fined $200 for his part in smuggling thirty-six thousand cigarettes into Canada and his application for citizenship was rejected. Because he was admitted as an immigrant, however, he could not be deported under Canadian law.

Banks gradually lost lustre with leaders of the Canadian Labour Con-

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gress (CLC) when they saw the course he was charting. The Congress, Canada's equivalent of the AFL-CIO, ousted SIU-Canada in 1960 on charges of pirating members from other maritime labor organizations. The CLC created the Canadian Maritime Union (CMU) in 1961 to compete for members with Banks.

The battle was joined when SIU-Canada and Upper Lakes Shipping Ltd., a Toronto firm, became deadlocked over negotiations for a new contract in the spring of 1962. The company then recognized the rival CMU as the bargaining agent and CMU members filled the three hundred seamen's jobs on the firm's twenty-two ships. Members of Banks's union were frozen out and they struck in protest at the switch.

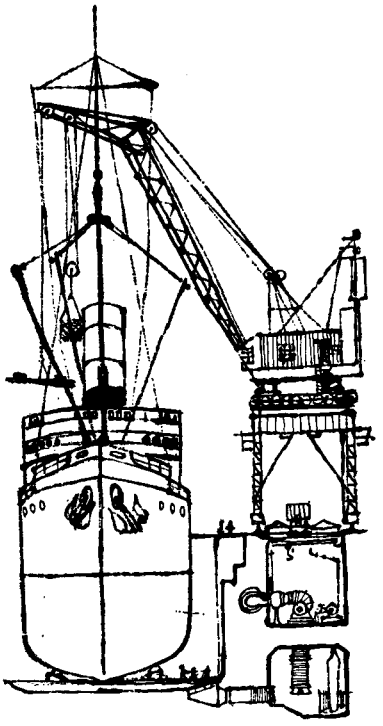
This displacement of the SIU during the midst of negotiations was legal under Canadian statutes, but it was regarded as a simple case of strikebreaking by Banks and the parent SIU organization in the United States. The switch to the CMU came after Upper Lakes had bargained for ten years with SIU-Canada. The parent SIU began picketing the line's vessels on the Canadian and U.S. sides of the Great Lakes, tying up many ships despite a shower of anti-picketing injunctions.

CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS gave banner-line treatment to stories of Canada's idled ships in U.S. ports. Public opinion was even more aroused by reports of ships returning to Canada with bullet holes and crew members who told of beatings when they went ashore in the United States.

In retaliation for what Canadian officials called a reign of terror, members of another Canadian union tried to bar ships manned by SIU members from the Welland Canal on the St. Lawrence Seaway. This ploy backfired when two SIU vessels maneuvered into position to prevent all ships from proceeding through the locks. The blockade lasted for thirty hours. It led former Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's Conservative government, however, to set up a one-man industrial commission to look into the causes of the Seaway tie-up.

That was bad news for Banks. The assignment was given to British Columbia Court of Appeal Judge T. G. Norris, who focused the inquiry on the role played by Banks and SIU-Canada. Norris issued his report last July, picturing Banks as a high-living, ruthless dictator who dipped into the union treasury almost at will to pay personal expenses. He said Banks drew $80,000 in advance expense money, for example, but accounted for less than $8,500 of it by vouchers.

Norris also charged that Banks abused his power by placing hundreds of sailors on a blacklist that prevented them from working on SIU ships, which make up nearly ninety-five per cent of Canada's merchant marine. Some sailors were sentenced to "99 years" on the list for no apparent reason, the report said. Norris summed up his view of Banks with this one-sentence indictment: "He is a bully, cruel, dishonest, greedy, power-hungry, contemptuous of the law."



These findings whetted the public demand in Canada for Bank's scalp. Norris's proposal for a government trusteeship over SIU-Canada and four smaller Canadian maritime organizations was approved overwhelmingly by Parliament with backing from the Canadian Labour Congress and the Pearson government.

Pearson, however, delayed placing the trusteeship provisions into effect in the hope that a private settlement could be achieved. Talks broke down over the nationality of a neutral trustee under a private setup and the issue of due process for Banks. Pearson finally put the law into effect on October 23, when fifteen hundred SIU members left their ships to protest the trusteeship legislation in front of the Parliament buildings in Ottawa. Banks called for the demonstration although it idled more than a hundred Canadian vessels at the height of the grain-shipping season.

The Trustees Take Over

In designating the trustees, Pearson picked three men who could not be accused of anti-labor tendencies to wield the enormous power bestowed by Parliament. The legislation provides that the trustees may control the five unions' offices, assets, membership, and contracts for three years. Pearson selected Victor Leonard Dryer, a British Columbia Supreme Court justice who formerly was a labor lawyer, as the chairman of the trustees. Montreal magistrate René Lippe, fresh from successful mediation of a longshoremen's strike, and Charles H. Millard, a veteran labor organizer, completed the panel.

Although the history of the legislation indicated their major task was to remove Banks from SIU leadership, the trustees decided to concentrate first on getting SIU members to end their walkout and get ships moving again on the Seaway.

Banks agreed to co-operate with the trustees and told a union rally that they would not interfere in the SIU's internal affairs. This struck some opponents of the Pearson government as a sinister deal. Diefenbaker, arguing for a hard line on the maritime issue, called Banks a "pampered pet" of the Liberals. The trustees denied that any deal had been made.

The conciliatory tone of the trustees and their go-slow approach were quietly approved in U.S. government circles, however. Although Secretary Wirtz refused to discuss the situation, he was said to fear that a complete government take-over of SIU-Canada would lead to widespread disruption of Canadian shipping.

The fear was—and is—that the

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SIU would boycott all of Canada's ships and effectively idle those in American ports with the aid of sister AFL-CIO unions. AFL-CIO President George Meany, who has been in the SIU's corner during most of the dispute, deplored the idea of government control as "absolutely inconsistent" with organized labor's credo. Meany also resisted any settlement that would include an automatic Banks-must-go provision, declaring: "The AFL-CIO refuses to be a party to any gross injustice to any individual no matter how unpopular the man may be nor how loud the outcry may be against him."

Wirtz and others who have read Judge Norris's report were said to consider it extreme in its language condemning Banks and too sweeping in its attack on traditional maritime labor institutions, such as the union-run hiring hall. The findings excoriate the SIU and Banks in stronger terms than Senator McClellan's subcommittee reserved for the Teamsters and their president, James R. Hoffa.

The Seafarers accused Norris of bias on the ground that some years before he had been an attorney for the SIU in western Canada. But Norris refused to disqualify himself.

THE KENNEDY ADMINISTRATION is caught between conflicting interests. It does not want to jeopardize the Pearson government, with its five-vote majority in Parliament, and take a chance on doing business again with the truculent Diefenbaker. On the other hand, it does not want to offend Meany or Paul Hall, North American president of the SIU, who have given strong political support to the Kennedy administration.

Throughout the maritime dispute the American officials have been amazed at what they regard as the supersensitivity of the Pearson government. They believe the campaign against the Seafarers in Canada draws its strength partly from a new nationalism that has been evident also in proposals to reduce U.S. investment in Canada and to reduce the importation of U.S.-manufactured automobiles. In Canada's labor movement, this spirit has been reflected in hostility between some of the all-Canadian unions and those

like the SIU which are affiliated with labor organizations based primarily in the United States.

There is another paradox. Although the 75,000-member SIU has a Dead End Kid image in Canada, it has fought the giant Teamsters Union in the United States. Paul Hall, who contends that Teamsters boss Jimmy Hoffa has the "heart of a fink," has thrown money and manpower into anti-Teamster campaigns in Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Puerto Rico, and elsewhere. This has tended to put the SIU in favor with the anti-Hoffa Kennedy administration. Yet despite their animosity on other matters, the Teamsters are backing the SIU boycott of Upper Lakes Ltd. ships and think highly of Banks!

For whatever reasons, the U.S. position has been that a private trusteeship would be far more effective than government compulsion in the sailors' war. Wirtz and his aides have less faith in the power of a court ruling in maritime labor disputes than their Canadian counterparts. The Americans note that a Federal injunction, contempt-of-court convictions, and a $14,500 fine have failed to impress longshoremen in Chicago enough to get any grain on the Canadian ship *Howard L. Shaw*, labeled "hot" by the SIU. The longshoremen stubbornly refused to put a bushel of grain aboard the vessel and it lay empty at a Chicago dock from April 22 to September 20. A dynamite bomb knocked a hole in the side of the *Shaw* early in September. The owner and the SIU exchange insinuations but police have not caught the culprits. The *Shaw* finally sailed back to Canada—empty. Upper Lakes then brought a sixty-seven-year-old vessel into Chicago and it also got the boycott treatment. Federal Judge James B. Parsons fined the balky union $500 a day for refusing to load grain, declaring from the bench: "Something is fundamentally wrong with unionism."

Authorities in Canada take the same basic view about the SIU. They regard the tie-up and harassment of Canadian ships and crews in U.S. ports as a scandalous deprivation of freedom of the seas. They also believe that the Kennedy administration is unwilling to take stern measures for fear of offending the AFL-CIO leadership or losing the votes of organized labor. As for Banks, the widely held view in Canada is that he must be deposed to save the Canadian merchant marine. The broad support for government trusteeship is explained by some Canadian officials as an indication of how far union leaders are willing to go to get rid of Banks. So far, the SIU has backed him up even though Hall admits, "Hal's no diplomat."

A Thaw Until the Freeze

The bitterness between the AFL-CIO and the Canadian Labour Congress over the trusteeship fight is so great that George Meany and his CLC opposite number, Claude Jodoin, have all but broken off communications. The prospect is for a long period of strained relations between the two labor federations.

But it may be an encouraging sign that the Canadian government and Banks's union have both appeared to back off from the extreme positions taken during the height of the sailors' war. The go-slow policy being pursued by the trustees would permit loading of Canadian wheat aboard vessels for shipment to East Coast ports en route to the Soviet Union, whose big purchase of wheat is vital to the Canadian economy. In return, Banks could use his influence to curb wildcat work stoppages. On November 1, Canadian police raided SIU headquarters and Banks's home, seizing documents to prove that Banks had conspired to organize an illegal march on Ottawa last month. It is still possible that an uneasy truce will prevail until the Great Lakes freeze over sometime in December and thus end the shipping season until spring. The delay could be used to resume confidential Canadian-American talks and perhaps secure a peace treaty to replace the armistice agreement.

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Elephants in Tammanyland

BARBARA CARTER

Outvoted two to one in the last Presidential election, holding only one of their borough's five state senate seats and only three of its sixteen seats in the state assembly, Manhattan Republicans on the whole are a sorry lot. Their one bright prospect lies in the future of their handsome young congressman, John V. Lindsay, and the Congressional district he represents. It is no secret that Lindsay plans "one day" to withdraw from Congress and return to New York, and he does not deny that he would like to run for mayor or for governor, and maybe even for President.

Lindsay's Congressional district is the 17th, the famous "silk stocking" district on Manhattan's East Side. It is here that Republican Senator Javits has his law office, Richard Nixon now makes his home, and Governor Rockefeller maintains his Manhattan headquarters. In addition, according to Lindsay, the district includes "three major universities, most of the major foundations in the United States . . . the headquarters for the American Civil Liberties Union . . . . virtually all of the publishers of the United States . . . . writers, thinkers, and researchers and scholars and teachers . . ." Although many in this glittering array vote in the suburbs, Lindsay's supporters are generally agreed to be a fairly sophisticated group.

The heart of the 17th consists of two assembly districts, the 8th and the 9th, and except for one or two other districts that are beginning to show signs of Republican vigor, they are the source of most of the Republican steam in town. These few bright spots, however, are overshadowed by the wasteland of Republican apathy that surrounds them, for the rest of the island is given over to the Democrats. "Waiting for crumbs from Tammany," one New York reporter described the more typical Republican posture, and such a position usually prevents any serious contest being staged against the Democrats, or much infighting among the Republicans themselves. The spoils have scarcely seemed worth fighting over.

Thus it was surprising to find the Manhattan Republican organization showing remarkable signs of energy this summer in a bitter primary contest for city councilman-at-large. "Who would have ever thought there would have been such a fight?" one of the two Republicans on the then twenty-five-man City Council said afterward, shaking his head over the thought of a battle that had outgrown the importance of its prize. Even more surprising, however, was that the organization's energy was directed against the heart of Congressman Lindsay's district, and that it almost succeeded in drawing the liberal congressman into open battle with Governor Rockefeller. A better script to bring the Republican house down could not have been written by the Democrats.

What was the trouble all about? It began simply enough with the new city charter, which, in order to give the minority party more representation on the city council, allowed each borough to send two councilmen-at-large to the council, increasing it by ten. Voters in each borough, however, could vote for only one candidate; thus the Republican candidate, even though he came in a very poor second, would still get a seat. Nomination was therefore made tantamount to election (but for the outside chance that the Liberals might pick up a seat). This Mississippi-type primary was introduced to the city under the agreeable heading of reform, and has since been attacked, unsuccessfully, in court.

The prospect of an ostensibly sure seat on the council appealed to a number of Republican hopefuls in Manhattan who wanted to try for the part. While a councilman's seat is admittedly not much to seek (the council has been not unjustly accused of spending more than a third of its time naming streets, and its powers, at best, are severely limited by the mayor and his board of estimate), it does provide a platform for someone who wants to make a name for himself, and it has been used as the stepping-stone to the mayor's office. The leading candidate among Republicans was Richard Lewisohn, district leader of the 9th A.D. and a Lindsay man. Several things were in his favor. Lindsay, of course, was publicly behind him. It was Lindsay, in fact, who had originally prevailed upon Lewisohn to accept the leadership of the 9th back in 1959 when former Congressman Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., gave it up.

Besides having Lindsay's support, Lewisohn thought he could also count on Vincent F. Albano, Jr., the new De Sapio of the Republican Party—in terms of the jobs he holds. Albano is chairman of the New York County Committee as well as a district leader, but there the resemblance to his former Democratic counterpart ends. Lewisohn, at any rate, claims that Albano told him early in the game that he would back him for councilman-at-large. Moreover, as Lewisohn said later, "I did all my homework. I touched all my bases." To prepare for the tryout, the already successful businessman resigned as president of the Venus Pen and Pencil Corporation (though he is now chairman of the board) and took a year off to groom himself. He endured speaking lessons, sat in on meetings of the city council, and interviewed agencies that work with the city.

'A Wonderful American'

But what seemed up till then a mildly interesting plot took a sharp turn last spring when "all of a sudden, for no reason," as Lewisohn put it, Governor Rockefeller's cousin, Richard S. Aldrich, stepped in to announce that he too was interested in becoming councilman-at-large. Aldrich, one might say, was a relative newcomer to New York politics. Vice-president of International Basic Economy Corporation, a Rockefeller family enterprise active in South America, Aldrich had lived in Brazil from 1952 until 1961, when he came to New York. He didn't bother to register as a voter until the next year, when he ran for Congress from lower Manhattan. His campaign then was notable for the introduc-

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tion of a new party designed to appeal to the low-income Spanish-speaking residents of the area. This was Acción Popular, whose sole candidate on the voting machine was the pleasant six-footer from Park Avenue who also appeared on the Republican line. Once he puzzled a large rally by criticizing politics as a graft-ridden, crooked profession, and asked aloud, "Could I honestly urge my sons to run for political office in the United States?" He answered quickly with a resounding "No," which must have surprised Governor Rockefeller, among others in the audience. The governor eased the situation by laughing and announcing, "I love this man. He's a wonderful, wonderful American." Despite the accolade, Aldrich was soundly beaten by his Democratic opponent.

When Aldrich announced his interest this spring in the city council contest, a number of curious things happened. First there was a meeting attended by Rockefeller (just returned from his honeymoon in Venezuela); Albano, the county leader; and Joseph F. Carlino, the state assembly speaker. What actually occurred during the meeting is not known to outsiders, but Albano emerged to tell Lindsay that Rockefeller wanted his cousin to have the nomination and that he, Albano, had to deliver it. Or so Lindsay has repeatedly insisted. Rockefeller denies that he gave any mandate to Albano, for or against his cousin. Albano, in turn, claims that Lindsay simply misunderstood what he said to him. On June 10, Rockefeller found himself in the awkward position of having to tell a news conference it was "obvious" that "somebody" was not telling the truth, but the sticky ambiguity of whether he meant the liberal congressman or the county leader was left in the air, and there the matter rested. Rockefeller remained icily aloof from the contest after that.

The Tammany Touch

Whatever orders Rockefeller may or may not have given about his cousin (there is even one theory that he was remarkably unenthusiastic about Aldrich as a candidate), the county organization acted as if the word had been given. A county committee meeting was held on June 18, and out of a total vote of 2,630, Aldrich got 2,057. The county meeting was not without a few touches borrowed from Tammany. There was the cry of bossism, for instance. There was the old-time district leader who astonished his own delegation by handing their votes over to Aldrich though they had agreed at a meeting the night before, or so they thought, to give all 134 votes to a different candidate. And there were votes reported from meetings that turned out never to have been held. "Somebody had to be clobbered," Lewisohn declared later, "and it turned out to be me." For all the homework he had done, he got only 311 votes. Shortly thereafter, he withdrew from the contest, for although he still had Lindsay's staunch support he did not want to see the congressman pulled into an unwanted fight with Rockefeller. All but one of the other candidates quickly melted away too. The remaining one was John J. Lamula, a district leader from lower Manhattan who got his start under La Guardia and occasionally calls attention to himself by sending out his personal truth squad in an attempt to make headlines that are usually about the Democrats' effect on the small businessman's taxes. Lamula had promised to run independently if the county committee didn't take its vote by secret ballot, and had arranged to have the Honest Ballot Association on hand. The committee refused, and Lamula made good his promise. It seemed as if Lewisohn had thrown in the towel only to have Lamula snatch it up and run with it. Lamula, however, had far less support than Lewisohn. *His* total vote at the county committee meeting was 1.

WHAT DISAFFECTION the Republicans felt over the county organization's handling of the committee meeting was increased by the treatment Lamula received as he pressed his campaign for nomination. He was thrown off the ballot by the board of elections because it seemed that some of the pages in his designating petition were out of numerical order. (His name was finally restored by the Court of Appeals, but only at the last minute.) It wasn't a particularly unusual maneuver for the city's board of elections—it has been known to throw a man off the ballot because his papers were in too perfect order—but it was irritating enough to cause an independent organization, the Citizens Union, to demand, without success, that the governor dismiss the four-man board outright. During Lamula's struggle to get on the ballot, almost a thousand of those who had either collected signatures for his petition or had signed it were subpoenaed to appear in court for hearings that were postponed time and again, and the press did not fail to point out that several aged and infirm people were among the harassed.

"They played into my hands," Lamula said afterward, and the vote in the September primary certainly bore him out. Aldrich won, but by an embarrassing lead of only 417 votes out of nearly 22,000 cast. Though he was out of the country during most of the campaign, Aldrich returned in time to describe the vote, with both modesty and accuracy, as "an expression of a certain amount of confidence" but confessed that he didn't know "how important primaries are"—even one that was supposed to be tantamount to election.

A last piece of "skulduggery," as Lamula called it, was turned up in a recanvass of the vote. One Harlem district that had reported 21 to 8 in favor of Aldrich turned out to have only twelve Republican voters registered. But the most interesting thing about Aldrich's narrow victory was that he had not even scraped by in every district. In five of the sixteen he had actually lost, and they included the heart of Lindsay's base, the 8th and the 9th, although Lindsay had remained scrupulously neutral after Lewisohn withdrew.

While some maintain that the primary "split the party wide open," others, like Lindsay, think the results show confusion more than anything else. It was, of course, ironic that those who wanted to vote against Rockefeller had to vote for Lamula, who both during and after the campaign made speeches "for the governor" in various parts of the state in line with his duties as deputy clerk to the state assembly. But the gover-

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nor's prestige suffered nonetheless. While Rockefeller has not carried Manhattan in either of his elections as governor (though Senator Javits now carries the county with a fair margin), he has at least been able to win in four of the five districts that voted against his cousin in the primary.

What has also bothered a good number of Manhattan Republicans is that the governor seems able to tend his shop without them. "If he'd only ask us for advice on city matters," one of the Republican leaders said recently. "We know a thing or two down here." Patronage has been a sore point too. Comparatively little has flowed to Manhattan from Albany, and most of that has been given to the least active districts. Or so it seems to those who have been passed by.

Out of the Woodwork . . .

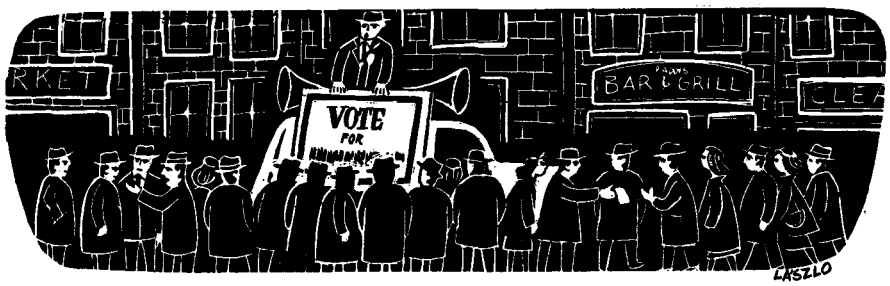
Complicating this picture is the fact that, like the Democrats, the Manhattan Republicans also have their "reformers," but whereas in the Democratic Party the reformers are generally liberals, in the Republican Party the reformers are right-wing conservatives, who add considerably to the confusion about the party image. The New York Young Republican Club, which for many years has been Manhattan's largest Republican club, is now said to be in "reasonably liberal" hands, and as a result there has been a sudden proliferation of conservative clubs throughout the city. "They are funny little things," Richard Lewisohn said recently. "They meet at people's homes, or in hotels. They get speakers. They *come out of the woodwork* on certain special situations. They're working now for Goldwater. They're able folk. And *they* work. But I don't know quite what they're really trying to accomplish. If they want to elect Goldwater they should work within the organization, but they evidently don't agree with me."

J. Dudley Devine, a Goldwater conservative, is currently chairman of the Association of Republican Clubs of the First Judicial District, which is trying to gather together the conservative groups springing up in Manhattan and the Bronx. Previously, he was president of the Young Republican Club before the liberal element gained back control. The new phenomenon of the conservative clubs, of course, gives him great satisfaction. "There were Goldwater clubs I didn't even know about," he said recently, and then, surprisingly enough, used the same figure of speech about them that Lewisohn had used. "Now they're coming out of the woodwork, saying they've heard I'm the right kind of Republican." Devine is a decisive-looking young man of thirty-seven who entered Republican politics in 1955 as an Eisenhower supporter. However, he found some remarks Eisenhower made about Hungary temporizing, and switched to the liberal side. For a time he actively supported Lindsay, even though Lindsay made some remarks about Quemoy and Matsu that also seemed to him temporizing. He finally "got sore" when Lindsay voted to expand the House Rules Committee. Added to that, he said simply, "Rockefeller hasn't worked out. My favorite guy," he continued, "is Walter Judd, but he'll never run for President." He is willing to "realign" the Manhattan Republicans, to make a "temporary sacrifice" if that's the "cost for getting a truly conservative President." But while there is a lot of activity and noise in the Manhattan Republican right field, few feel that it represents much of a threat or carries much weight.

The Lindsay forces, on the other hand, are steadily gaining power, but it is a long, slow process. They are said to have control of the 8th and 9th Assembly Districts, and to be inching up on part of the 10th. "I'm always trying to strengthen my base," Lindsay said recently, not bothering with precise details. How did the recent power play by the county organization impress him? "They haven't got any organization. That's one of the problems. They've got a small handful of people who have been in the organization's structure and New York Republican politics for years—city politics—and there's no real strength there."

FLUSHED WITH SUCCESS after the September primary, the GOP county organization re-elected Albano as their chairman, and even adopted a reform that both the liberals and conservatives have long been seeking—the direct election of district leaders, something De Sapio had given the Manhattan Democrats in the 1950's. To some, however, it looked like so much whistling in the dark. For although the county organization had got their man nominated, they revealed themselves as Tammany types and, in the process, muffed a good chance to strengthen the party by getting a candidate the rank and file could work for. As it turned out, Aldrich had more difficulty in winning the November election from the Liberals than had been anticipated.

How this confused and somewhat shattered group, with an outcropping of conservative clubs buzzing fitfully along its borders, will react when and if Rockefeller's and Lindsay's ambitions clash again is anybody's guess. (There are those who believe the governor is grooming Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson to succeed him in the job that Lindsay may some day seek.) For the moment it's safe to say that Lindsay will probably run for Congress again next year, and that his supporters at home will try to make the best of things. Meanwhile, Aldrich will move into his new quarters at City Hall, where space has been found for the five new minority councilmen-at-large by making over an abandoned ladies' lounge in the basement.



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Russia: Poetry, Politics, And the Unpredictable

PRISCILLA JOHNSON

love is so small who cares for love
in times like these men build
and set a world on fire you kiss
me State in blood in blood

JUST ABOUT a year ago, twelve thousand young Russians jammed a sports stadium in Moscow on Poetry Day to hear the author of these lines, the slender and gifted Andrei Voznesensky, declaim in a booming voice. Enjoying a tremendous revival, Soviet poetry once again was playing its traditional role as confidant of power and spokesman of the people. Poets were besieged by invitations to recite their work. The most popular, Voznesensky, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, and the slant-eyed Tartar enchantress Bella Akhmadulina, each was giving up to 250 poetry readings a year. "Modern" painters appeared to be on the point of having their work exhibited for the first time in decades. And a story by an unknown writer named Alexander Solzhenitsyn was published, portraying the horror of Stalin's prison camps with a compassion reminiscent of Dostoyevsky. In art as in life, Russia seemed to be on the edge of a new era of truthfulness.

And then, with all the fury of a winter hurricane, it changed. The change began last December 1, when Khrushchev visited an art display at the enormous Manezh gallery. His reactions were to have a devastating impact. Viewing the work of some of the more "modern" painters, he called them "parasites" and "pederasts" and concluded: "Gentlemen, we are declaring war on you!" Within weeks what had begun as an offensive against painters had spread to the entire artistic community. High-ranking officials who had been congratulating themselves on the "flowering of young Soviet poetry" whirled on cue and set about destroying the very men responsible for it. By March the campaign had reached a climax when Khrushchev partially rehabilitated Stalin. "At Stalin's funeral," he declared, "many people, including myself, had tears in their eyes. These were honest tears." Even the idols of the younger generation —Yevtushenko, Voznesensky, and the prose writer Vasily Axyonov— were compelled to yield to party criticism.

Today the larger poetry readings still are banned. But almost as abruptly as it burst last winter, the storm seems now to have abated. Yevtushenko and Ilya Ehrenburg, so recently disgraced, have been glimpsed once again in the corridors of the mighty. And after several months' exile in onion-domed Vladimir, the provincial town of his childhood, Voznesensky has again been published in *Pravda*.

Was the campaign against Soviet intellectuals an attempt to dampen the burgeoning enthusiasm with which nonconformist poets and painters were beginning to be greeted all over Russia? Was it a coherent effort to deal with what may be the real long-range dilemma of Soviet totalitarianism: the emergence of a public opinion that could one day elude control by the party? If so, then why are the cannons so suddenly silent?

The Real Target

As it turned out, the campaign did not prove to be a well-planned attempt to deal with the growing outspokenness of writers and artists. The concern of many of the Soviet leaders with this problem was and is genuine. But even before the crackdown began last December 1, their purposes had become entangled with, and indeed overridden by, the purposes of men who were primarily anxious to tie Khrushchev's hands so as to forestall a new round of de-Stalinization. Last fall there were unmistakable portents that such a new round of de-Stalinization lay at hand. The signals included the appearance of Yevtushenko's poem "Stalin's Heirs" in *Pravda* last October 21 and of Solzhenitsyn's novella *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* in the literary journal *Novy Mir* one month later. Publication of both works was known to have been sanctioned by Khrushchev.

To those Soviet bureaucrats who are spiritual legatees of Stalinism— and they are legion—any return to de-Stalinization would be a threat. It would be a threat to their jobs first of all, but in a wave of popular indignation it could even cause some of them to be placed on trial for the crimes of the Stalin era. In the setback to Soviet prestige, and that of Khrushchev, after the Cuban crisis a year ago, these "heirs of Stalin" were quick to see an opening. And so, with backing from other officials who are disturbed by the increasing boldness of Soviet art and with support high in the Communist Party, they urged Khrushchev to visit the Manezh on December 1.

To anyone familiar with his views on art, Khrushchev's outburst upon seeing the more "modern" canvases appears unmistakably genuine. But he too must soon have become aware that "conservative" elements in the Soviet bureaucracy were using the attack on abstract art as a means of stopping de-Stalinization and circumscribing his own power. Again and again as the campaign unfolded last spring, he resorted to a classic maneuver: taking the sting out of his critics' charges by identifying

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himself with them. He operated as neither a convinced "liberal" nor as a "conservative" but, as the consummate political strategist he is, veering first left and then right, maintaining power somewhere in the center.

As those who watched it will recall, the campaign quickly spread from painting and sculpture into film-making, music, and literature. In March the drive shifted to the young writers, above all focusing on the hapless Yevtushenko. Just as the attack on modern art seems to have contained a hidden challenge to Khrushchev, so too may the onslaught on the lanky young poet.

In mid-March, the head of the Moscow writers' organization lost his post, ostensibly because he had been the first to sponsor the poet's journeys to the West. Yet who was it who had tacitly, if not explicitly, sanctioned Yevtushenko's travels? Who was it who had stood benevolently by, reaping a windfall of propaganda as the flamboyant poet began advertising all over the world the "new and liberal" Russia? Who was it who had sanctioned not only "Stalin's Heirs" but also the performance of Shostakovich's Thirteenth Symphony, with controversial lyrics by Yevtushenko? None other than Nikita Khrushchev. Surely it is possible that Yevtushenko was merely a screen for blows that were meant in reality for the First Secretary of the Communist Party.

FROM WHAT quarter did the challenge come? Since the politics of Russia has often found expression, either directly or by subterfuge, in poetry, even verse can be made to yield a clue. Yevtushenko's "Stalin's Heirs" contains the following lines:

Not for nothing, evidently,
do Stalin's heirs
Have their share
of heart attacks.

Of all the members of the Soviet hierarchy, the highest-ranking leader to have suffered a heart attack was Frol R. Kozlov, whom Khrushchev had identified as early as 1959 as his likely successor. In an interview in a West German newspaper last February, Yevtushenko pointedly failed to deny, in response to a question, that Kozlov was the "heir" he had in mind.

Nor do the signs stop there. Throughout March and early April the attacks on Yevtushenko mounted. By April 7 it was suggested that "force" might be used and Yevtushenko brought to criminal "responsibility" for publishing his autobiography abroad. Suddenly, on April 11, Kozlov fell ill, stricken by a second heart attack. From that moment on, the criticisms of Yevtushenko were sporadic. From that moment, as western witnesses in Moscow have reported, the momentum went out of the drive like air from a tire with a slow leak.

At least two factors besides Kozlov's removal from the scene helped soften the campaign against Soviet intellectuals. The first was the adverse reaction of Communist Parties in the West. On the eve of elections in Italy, where writers like Voznesensky, Viktor Nekrasov, and Yevtushenko have a real following among left-wing intellectuals, the head of the Communist Party, Palmiro Togliatti, felt moved to disavow the Soviet drive. No one, he said, no matter how shrewd he may be, should attempt "to tell an artist how to write a poem, how to create music, or how to paint." In Moscow in April and May, Fidel Castro too is said to have protested. High-ranking Communists in Poland, Hungary, and France were opposed.

Their intervention bolstered the contention of the more moderate elements within the Soviet leadership that to press the drive at home could weaken the allegiance of Communist Parties abroad at precisely the moment when every ounce of foreign Communist support was needed in the struggle against China.

'Conspiracy of Silence'

The other factor that contributed to the mitigation of the campaign was resistance by Soviet intellectuals themselves—their stubborn "conspiracy of silence." Once it had been launched last December, somehow the drive ceased to be planned. With no single hand to guide it, by early April there seemed to be a possibility that it might get out of control altogether. Although powerless individually, the intellectuals who knew what they wanted—an end of the campaign—were able, banded together, to make themselves felt in a way that party officials, who held far more power but were uncertain how far they were willing to use it, failed to do.

The "conspiracy of silence" could be broken only by force. A resort to force, that fateful step back to the Stalin era, was precisely what "conservative" instigators of the campaign against artists and intellectuals had hoped for in December. For it would have meant an end of de-Stalinization and of the threat posed by de-Stalinization to their positions. It would have meant a repudiation of Khrushchev's policies and a drastic reduction of his power. To a majority of the Presidium, however, especially with Kozlov no longer there, force seemed too dangerous a tool to be used. It was too dangerous, above all, at a moment when the party needed the writers' help to rally public support for the break with Communist China.

Thus, in a conflict of views among the leaders, the "conspiracy of silence" helped rather than hurt the moderate, or center, element to which Khrushchev appears to belong and against which, as much as against the writers and artists themselves, the campaign was really directed. Paradoxical as it seems, the resistance of the intellectuals strengthened rather than weakened

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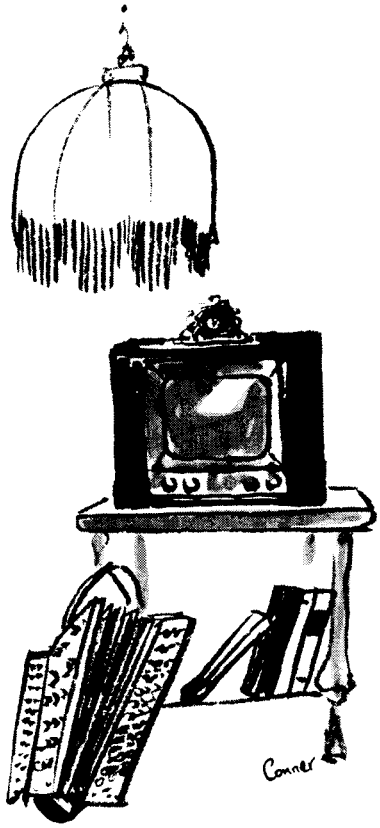
Khrushchev's hand. Yet may it not be at precisely some such moment in the future, when a Soviet leader owes something to a group outside the leadership, that that group will become a political factor to be reckoned with? Could it be that in the event of more serious "disarray" at the top—in an opening, say, caused by a future crisis of succession—the influence of liberal intellectuals or other public groups might prove crucial to the outcome? Is it possible that last winter's encounter between the party and the intellectuals might help lead to a more significant breach in the edifice of Soviet totalitarianism?

THE OUTCOME of the campaign, to say nothing of its erratic course, is rich in other implications for the future relationship between the party and the Soviet public. For one thing, it eloquently illustrated the improvised character of Khrushchev's rule. It made clear that, embarking on an action, the party can no longer foresee precisely what the social and political consequences of that action will be. Not only is this true of the party; it is true of the ordinary Soviet citizen as well. Neither the poet who writes a lyric nor the bureaucrat who suppresses it can be sure any longer what the consequences of his act of creation or suppression will be. To a party long accustomed to total control, this new scope for spontaneity, the new and unexpected responses that confront it in every area of Soviet life, must be truly frightening. Yet it is the party's experiments, and the genie of spontaneity these experiments have somehow set loose, that impart to the Khrushchev era its extraordinarily unpredictable quality.

Secondly, more than any event since Stalin died, the campaign demonstrated that as the terror has ended, so too has the atomization of Soviet society. Of all Stalin's achievements, by far the most destructive was the corrosion of trust between one man and another. Even today, fear is very much a reality of Soviet life. But the sanctions are no longer total. Death or Siberian exile is no longer the reward of every suspect association. Men are able to succor one another once again. The individual who is attacked by the party does not endure total isolation. Men are no longer entirely alone. Yet before last winter's drive against the arts, neither foreign observers nor, probably, intelligent Russians themselves realized the extent of this change. No one could foresee how



great the solidarity of writers and artists under attack was to be. Nor could anyone anticipate that this solidarity, expressed in a conspiracy of silence, would help make the party abandon its drive in the arts.

BY ACCIDENT, the repressive campaign may even have driven home the lesson that it is now possible to resist the party on certain issues—and even to do so with impunity. Take three of the principal shield-bearers of resistance among the writers. There is fifty-two-year-old Viktor Nekrasov, whose open-minded travel notes on Italy and America caused Khrushchev himself to demand that he be ousted from the Communist Party. Not stopping at silence, Nekrasov courageously defended himself against attack. He was not dropped from the party. Take the seventy-two-year-old Ilya Ehrenburg, who was threatened with criminal prosecution if he did not renounce what he had written in his memoirs. Ehrenburg did not recant. Last August, after long months of silence, he was personally received by Khrushchev and urged to prepare the rest of his memoirs for publication. And there is Alexander Tvardovsky, who as editor of *Novy Mir* published many reform-minded writers. In March Tvardovsky seemed about to lose his editorial position. But at a garden party by the Black Sea in August, he was asked to read his new satirical poem, "Tyorkin in the Other World," to the chuckling approval of Khrushchev. By its unexpectedly merciful treatment of these writers—one could almost call it a series of haphazard rewards—the party has actually increased the likelihood that it will encounter resistance among intellectuals in the future.

The Neo-Leninists

Far from tightening control, the campaign may have hastened the erosion of party control over Soviet intellectuals in still another respect. By unburdening some members of the younger generation of their faith in the "liberal" good intentions of Khrushchev, it may actually have freed a few of them to go over to an opposition more uncompromising than that of the past few years.

To understand this, we must go back to 1956, the year of Khrushchev's "secret speech" condemning Stalin, the year that shaped many young Russians as thinking human beings. To many members of the older generation, Khrushchev's speech meant simply that their lives had been lived in vain, that all their sufferings had not been a needed sacrifice for a golden Communist future but a futile offering to a crazed dictator.

To young Russians as well, taught to worship Stalin from their earliest days, Khrushchev's revelations at first brought shattering disillusion. If they were to go on living, however, if they were not to suffer fearful alienation from the society around them—a society Stalin had brought into being—the pieces had to be put back together somehow. And so many of them grasped at part, although not all, of the explanation offered by the party. Not all the havoc wrought by Stalin,

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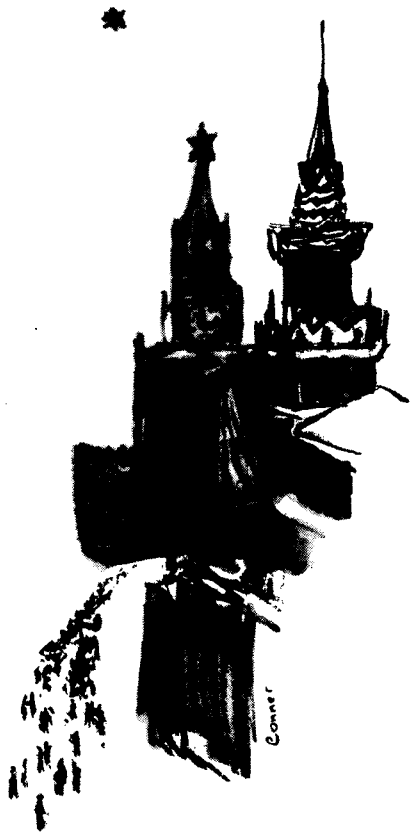
these young people came to believe, had been able to destroy the old ideals of Communism. Terror and bureaucratization had tarnished it, as they saw it, but underneath Communism had remained as valid as in Lenin's day. The young neo-Leninists, as they were called, saw it as their duty not to abandon the Communist faith they grew up in but to purify it from within.

Their neo-Leninism had a curious tactical corollary. Stalin had been a bad leader. But Khrushchev, who exposed the evil Stalin did, was much better, and the next leader might be better yet. "Nikita does the best he can," they would say, "but like us, he has his Stalinist adversaries to contend with. We mustn't rock the boat, or do anything to make his task harder." Thus it was that in spite of their deep revulsion at the hypocrisy and arbitrariness around them, many young Russians came to accept—in their hearts, and not merely because coercion made any other choice impossible—the party's conditions for a cleansing of the political atmosphere. Far from being disloyal to Russia or to Communism, as their Stalinist elders charged, these young people were if anything too loyal for the critics and rebels they were supposed to be. In fact, sometimes they seemed disarmed by the persistence of their own illusions.

THE COROLLARY of neo-Leninism, then, was "official opposition," the art of working within the system to score piecemeal tactical concessions. By last year the "official oppositionists" had notable gains to their credit. Because of them, literature had won the right to deal in a wider range of topics than at any time since the early 1930's. They had acquired a major voice in the Union of Soviet Writers. Dazzling as was their tactical virtuosity, however, some of the "official oppositionists" were equally breathtaking in the extent to which they identified with their rulers, particularly Khrushchev. Such had been their success that they seemed in danger of being taken over and corrupted by the very system they were trying to purify, of losing their moral freedom as rebels.

The faith of these young people in Khrushchev rested on a double premise: that he too stood for deep and thoroughgoing de-Stalinization and a freer literature and art but that in both objectives he was frustrated by "Stalinists" in his own bureaucracy. They clung to this faith even though twice before, in 1954 and 1957, there had been "freezes" in the arts and Khrushchev himself had ushered in the 1957 "freeze" by a partial rehabilitation of Stalin ("We are all Stalinists"). Unlike the earlier "freezes," however, that of 1962-1963 was accompanied by a full blast of newspaper and radio publicity. Hundreds of thousands of Soviet young people must now be aware of avant-garde literature and art who were ignorant of its existence before. Far from killing sympathy for experimental



art, the party may actually have spread it.

To the "official oppositionists," moreover, who had put their faith in Khrushchev, it must have been vastly disillusioning to bear the brunt of a brutal repressive campaign that, so far as they could see, appeared to be led by Khrushchev himself. His statement last March about "honest tears" at Stalin's funeral may have been taken as a genuine betrayal. Today many may have come to a view they did not have before: that whatever Khrushchev's personal hatred of Stalin or sympathy for a Yevtushenko, he is above all a politician, committed to maintaining and increasing his own power. To all who so painfully experienced it, the drive must have been an invaluable lesson in political sophistication.

Exorcising a Ghost

From staking all on the good faith of individual leaders—a premise of neo-Leninism—a significant number of young Russians may now direct their thinking back to the nature of the Soviet system itself. Questions long repressed must today be breaking across the threshold of awareness: If Communism is good, then how could an evil man rise to the top and stay there for nearly three decades? May he not have blighted Soviet society to the roots with his rottenness? How is it possible to reconcile the chaos wrought by one man with Marx's teaching that the role of the individual in history is negligible?

To the young Russians who are asking these questions, disillusion may be a liberating thing. Unburdened of some of the hope they placed in Khrushchev and of the notion that a single "good" leader can purify Soviet life from above, they may now feel that the only real hope of reform lies with the more thoughtful of the Soviet people themselves. Rejecting the premise that they must do nothing to shake the society they inherited from Stalin, they may conclude that a profound change is precisely what is required.

Because it is uniquely adapted to Soviet conditions—where there is both coercion and an opportunity to play off high-level splits within the leadership—loyal opposition of the Yevtushenko variety will no doubt continue to exist. Some of the young "liberals," however, may go over to an opposition that is more far-reaching in its aims and less scrupulous in its tactics. Where the régime had a single mainstream, wide rather than deep, of opposition to contend with before, it may have

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many deep underground rivulets now. By its drive in the arts, the party may inadvertently have helped create a more intransigent mood among many of the Soviet people.

The drive contributed still another chapter to the political education of Soviet intellectuals: it pointed up the enormous gulf between the party's concept of de-Stalinization and their own. Whatever Khrushchev's own emotions toward Stalin—surely the hatred he has shown is not sham—the fact remains that again and again he has used de-Stalinization, like his bouts of re-Stalinization, as a tactic to strengthen his position in the leadership. Thus, the difference between the party and liberal intellectuals on de-Stalinization can perhaps best be described as the difference between surgery and psychoanalysis. What the party appears to desire is a surgical operation on a politically anesthetized people, subject to new incisions and stitching whenever the struggle for party leadership seems to require it.

What unites the liberals, on the other hand, is a shared recognition that Stalinism is above all an emotional problem. They are concerned not only with the millions who went to the grave but also with the defamation of the spirit suffered by millions who are now alive. Painful as the process may be, they want to excise Stalinism from the emotional life of the Soviet people so as to make forever impossible a reversion to the ways of the past. Thus, in his memoirs Ehrenburg used partial recall—it could not, in the circumstances, have been total—of the hideous events of the 1930's as a means of extirpation. And Yevtushenko in his *Precocious Autobiography* recapitulated the traumatic events of a childhood lived in the 1930's and 1940's. If Yevtushenko committed a single unforgivable heresy, surely it was to show the continuing strength of Stalinist forces in Soviet life. It was to show that the evil Stalin did lives after him; to shatter the party's myth that through all the years of violence, Soviet society remained healthy and sound. The focus of Yevtushenko's book is on the depth and magnitude of the problem of recovery of an entire people. After

this, how can the party go on maintaining that the only de-Stalinization still required is an occasional incision here and there?

Disappointed in Khrushchev and aware as they were not before of the chasm between their concept of de-Stalinization and the party's, perhaps some members of the younger generation will break away now, will give free rein to their own critical thoughts as the Yevtushenkos, their older brothers of the "official opposition," could not.

In destroying the last vestige of political opposition in the 1930's, Stalin destroyed, too, the kind of creative commitment that alone could close the gap between myth and reality, between what Soviet society claimed to be and what in fact it was. For such a commitment to exist, perhaps there had also to be a possibility of genuine opposition, of a conscience independent of the party's. If this year's drive in the arts has helped in any small way to bring a real political opposition into being, then it will have brought closer a cleansing of Soviet life from the only place whence it can come—from the Soviet people themselves.

Phoenix Unreborn

RICHARD L. GILBERT, JR.

As would be expected of a fast-growing city of about half a million, Phoenix, Arizona, has its slums. But the way Phoenix has dealt with the problem over the past five years has been unique—at least in the city's determination to practice what many of its most prominent citizens preach about the virtues of private enterprise and the evils of Federal intervention.

Back in 1958, when it had become apparent that the area south of Van Buren Street was deteriorating dangerously, an official urban-renewal committee was appointed. Even before the committee made its formal tour of the blighted area, it promised ". . . to recommend such changes in the city building code as may be advisable to obtain the greatest amount of Federal aid for the project." The wording of the 1956 building code was a matter of special interest, since Federal urban-renewal officials had already advised the city that future assistance depended on improving it. In March, 1960, after two years of study, the committee recommended to the city council that a $10.7-million program be implemented in Phoenix. Two-thirds of any loss incurred in the operation would be borne by the Federal government and the other third by the city. At this point even conservative Mayor Sam Mardian expressed approval.

But then on April 3, 1960, an editorial in the Phoenix *Republic* struck a familiar theme: ". . . we don't agree that the way to tackle the problem is to let the Federal government pay two-thirds of the cost of relocating the residents, clearing buildings, and then selling the land to developers at a loss. The Federal government will naturally call the shots if it pays the bills. Phoenix city officials will find themselves under the domination of Washington bureaucrats, who will naturally decide how the money will be spent. The first step is the dangerous one, and accepting Federal money for these projects would lead to further and further encroachments on municipal prerogatives."

Soon after, another committee was created to study ways and means of financing an urban-renewal pro-

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gram with private capital. When this new committee voted unanimously against the use of Federal funds and declared its conviction that, if at all possible, local projects should be directed and paid for by the locality directly concerned, the *Republic* expressed its gratification. ". . . At a time when most cities across the nation have gone to Washington extending the tin cup of charity," the paper declared on November 20, 1960, "the action of the citizens' committee stands out as sharply as an Arizona butte. . . . It remains as true today as it did when Woodrow Wilson first said it, that the history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power—not the increase of it . . . the action of the citizens' urban renewal committee was an imporant victory over creeping bureaucracy, and the sixteen members deserve an appreciative vote of thanks for a job well done."

Then in February President Kennedy sent a telegram to mayors throughout the country urging that work on urban-renewal projects be stepped up immediately as a means of combating unemployment and promising to expedite Federal aid funds. Mayor Mardian replied that there would be no Federal financed urban renewal in Phoenix.

Enter Mr. Staggs

Despite the appointment of two committees to study the problem, Phoenix had no real plan. And after all forms of Federal support had been branded as an invitation to socialism, even the rather loose local housing code began to come under fire. There was some talk of adding an urban-renewal bond issue to other municipal bonds being prepared for submission to the voters, but it was feared that a request for slum-clearance funds would bring on the defeat of the whole $150-million program. One member of the urban-renewal committee told the Phoenix papers: "Urban Renewal would have started in Phoenix a year ago except for the vocal opposition of a few rabble rousers. Now urban renewal has a stigma attached to it, a bad image that somehow urban renewal is something evil, something undemocratic, something un-American."

In the meantime, private enterprise had stepped forward in the person of Ralph E. Staggs, a local builder of considerable reputation and a recent Republican county chairman in Arizona. Staggs offered to be a one-man urban-renewal organization. "Staggs-Bilt Homes has decided to go into the urban renewal business, or as I prefer to call it, the private redevelopment of slum areas," he announced in February, 1961. "We intend to do this without the help of tax money."

The *Republic* was jubilant: "His plans make more sense than any we have seen yet. We hope they lay to rest the ghost of both urban renewal and public housing." The city gladly stepped aside and began to do away with anything even remotely associated with an organized approach to the problem of housing. It abolished its urban-renewal department entirely. The campaign against the housing code continued, and it too was finally abolished by a referendum last spring.

As the city settled down to watching the Staggs idea solve its housing problems, the mood of satisfaction and anticipation was perhaps best expressed by the *Republic's* sister paper, the afternoon *Gazette:* ". . . by wiping the slate clean, Mayor Mardian, other members of the council, and the city's professional administration are making it possible eventually to create a city betterment program geared to local control, local decisions, and local initiative. The results cannot help bring better results than 'exported from Washington' patchwork could achieve. . . . Urban Renewal in the best meaning of the phrase—in the sense of neighborhood beautification —remains a prime goal for all Phoenicians. We believe it will be reached faster this way."

But things didn't turn out quite that way, and Staggs himself has deplored some of the results of the local antipathy toward any form of government interference in housing. "It's extremely unfortunate," he said, "that the council saw fit to do away with the urban renewal department and with the housing code. . . . We have to have a housing code. . . . Without it areas can continue to deteriorate into slums. This may just kill any type of urban renewal work."

That, in effect, is precisely what happened. Staggs hired a lawyer, set up an office, and went about the project just as he said he would. But within the last few months the futility of his efforts became obvious and the whole project has been called off.

Among the reasons for his failure, an associate of Staggs has cited first of all the difficulty of acquiring land. His private corporation had no authority to condemn property, and the land in greatest need of redevelopment was almost impossible to purchase because of confused titles and the fact that many landowners believed their property would soon increase in value thanks to the proposed extension of a Phoenix freeway project.

He also faced the problem of getting changes made in the zoning regulations. Despite the fact that existing dwellings did not conform to present zoning, Staggs needed the city council's approval of variances before he could proceed with his multiple-unit plan.

But most important of all, Staggs found that his project simply couldn't be made to produce a profit. The people for whom it was to be built could not afford to pay rents high enough to make the project economically attractive to a private builder.

The implication of the Phoenix *Republic* that Staggs would make history in laying "to rest the ghost of both urban renewal and public housing" was something less than accurate. The net result is that five years after Phoenix decided something had to be done about the spread of urban blight there is no urban renewal, no housing code to enforce even minimum standards in deteriorating buildings, and no serious plan to do anything about the slums south of Van Buren Street.

But there is always optimism in the clear, dry sunshine of Arizona. The Phoenix papers are now sponsoring a "City Beautiful" drive to beautify the city's neighborhoods by removing unsightly billboards and tree stumps. That doesn't require any interference whatsoever from the Federal government.

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The High Cost of Living

MEG GREENFIELD

It was an article of faith with me when I lived in the West that New Yorkers are incurable braggarts. They are, of course; but like everyone else in the West I had missed the point of what they were bragging about, believing it to be the fact that everything is bigger and better in New York, rather than, as is actually the case, that everything is bigger and worse. Indeed, it was only after many years of being an adoptive New Yorker myself, and by definition an incurable braggart, that I realized how much of my own pride, along with that of my fellow citizens, lay in the belief that New Yorkers are bilked, poisoned, and pillaged with more system and less mercy than any other concentration of persons in human history. So firm was my conviction, in fact, that upon moving to Washington, as I have recently done, I was at first unable to recognize that in at least one area of possible victimization, New York might just have to look to its overpriced, smog-stained laurels. I am referring to the quest for adequate housing.

The charge is a serious one, since the inability to find a decent place to live has long been a point of particular pride with New Yorkers. And in fairness I will grant that in some respects the quest for housing in Washington is no more disruptive to the ordinary person's mental health than it is in New York or elsewhere in the country. The nation's capital is not alone in being blessed with those writers of classified advertisements who have learned to count airless crannies between furnace and stairwell as "rms," who trouble to mention "firepls" in which pls—it turns out—the tenant will not be permitted to build a fire, who allude to "patios" and "terraces" that reveal themselves on inspection as backyard mud heaps that would even be offensive to a goat.

All this is part of the National Experience. What then *is* unusual about Washington? For me it has been the assurance freely offered by any number of landlords that if I do accept the outrageous terms of their ads and move into their inadequate apartments, I will—as if all that were not enough—be, in addition, murdered.

Washington leads the nation in aggravated assault, as my new friends the landlords have pointed out. Invariably, they have added that what I, an allegedly defenseless female, should do is move to Georgetown, the elegant and relatively safe part of Washington, where the terms are twice as outrageous and the rooms smaller by half. I must confess that at first I was rather touched by this solicitude. It simply would not cross the finely tooled mind of a New York City landlord to warn a prospective tenant of danger to life or limb. On the contrary, he would persuade you, if he could, that there was nothing amiss about installing your aged grandmother in a fourth-floor walkup on Hudson Street that shared a bath with Pier 47. For once you have satisfied a New York City landlord that you are solvent and discreet, he will not introduce the extraneous issue of your ability to survive intended mayhem. *"Que será, será,"* as the cumulative sophistication of New York City may be summed up, and it hardly seems fair to expect more in the way of compassion from the city's landlords whose very livelihood, under rent control, requires a rapid turnover of tenants.

By contrast, the Washington landlords' concern seemed at first to me not only touching but positively salubrious. It prompted that sort of hard thinking and long-term stock-taking that few of us often engage in. Everyone, after all, has computed how much of his monthly income should be allotted to rent from a strictly budgetary point of view. But how many of us have faced up to the larger issues? How much of my monthly wage, as I finally put the question to myself, was my life worth to me? I am sorry to say the answer was: not that much.

How do you talk a friendly stranger out of his overprotective attitude toward your welfare when that stranger is, of all things, a reluctant landlord? I think most people would agree the problem is a strange one. My own first inclination was to try philosophy. "Well," as I put it to a voice on the phone that was refusing me a place near Dupont Circle, "we all have to go some time. Don't you think? Only I *would* hope the utilities are included. I mean. You know?" (He wasn't answering me; you can't get smart with these landlords.) When all the great ideas I had learned from the Container Corporation of America ads proved useless, my thoughts turned from philosophy to statistics. I divided the total number of murders into the total population figures for several cities and discovered to my satisfaction that it would be considerably more dangerous for me to live in Lubbock, Texas.

In this figure the FBI supports me. Or at least I think it does. The statistical picture of crime in Washington is a confused one, though lacking little in detail. True, every depredation, from attempted carnal knowledge to purse snatching, seems to have been duly recorded by age, race, and sex of the offender, not to mention the month of the year, day of the week, and hour of the day it is most likely to occur. But in the present anxiety-ridden atmosphere of Washington I haven't dared study these figures too carefully for fear of becoming hysterical in the presence of my own friends who, through no fault of their own, happen to be white middle-aged men, say, on a Tuesday afternoon in November.

On the other hand, those figures I *have* tried to master continually elude my grasp. There are FBI figures, and Police Department figures, and figures offered by Southern congressmen who have their own

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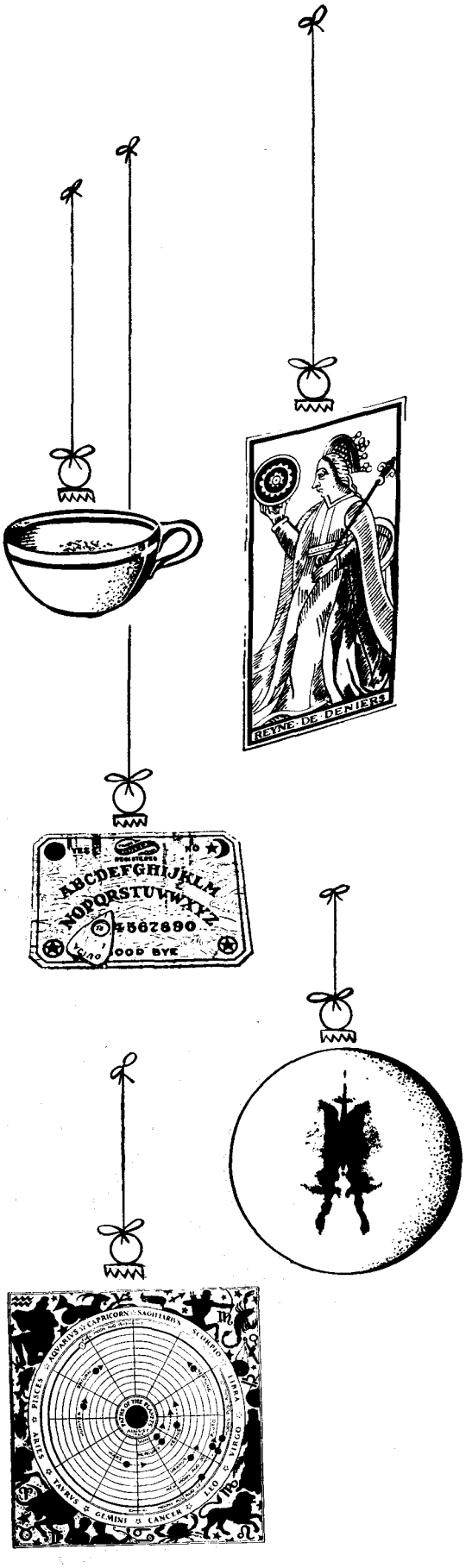

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unsurprising assessment of the problem. There are the figures of those who are trying to get new criminal legislation for Washington and the figures of those who are trying to prove that Washington is a summer festival. All this is by way of explaining that the set of figures I proceeded to cook up may have been misleading but that there were precedents for my behavior and extenuating circumstances too. To my per capita arguments I added what I thought would be a clincher from a different angle: that such cities as Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and New York had far higher totals of the crimes under consideration than Washington did. For good measure I threw in a recent quotation from the Chief of Police: "The District does not have an extreme crime rate in comparison with nationwide averages. . . ." Then I settled down at the telephone, only to learn that Washington's landlords are no more susceptible to mathematical abstractions than they are to metaphysical ones such as "when it's your time, it's your time."

My final statistical effort was spent on a female who declined even to show me a house she was letting on Corcoran Street. "According to the FBI," I began—"and I think you will find this interesting—in Lubbock, Texas. . . ." Now, I cannot tell you exactly why it is unwise to bring up the subject of the FBI in a conversation with a prospective landlord, but in a general, intuitive way I should have known it was. Still, it is a sign of the unfailing altruism of Washington landlords, except where money is at issue, that the last one on whom I tried my tricks, while clearly supposing me to be either a lunatic or a spy, gave some thought to my welfare in general.

"You should move to Georgetown," she said when I had finished.

"I hadn't really wanted to," I said.

"It *is* rather dark there," she agreed.

"That's not what I. . . ."

"You should probably get yourself one of those gas bombs."

"GET YOURSELF a gas bomb." It is the negation of Mary McCarthy in our time. By "gas bomb" (or "gas stick") in Washington is meant a handsome brass object resembling a fountain pen that costs $6.95 in better Connecticut Avenue shops and that, by its manufacturer's own boast, "discharges a blast of a radically new powerful tear gas that temporarily incapacitates man or beast." It is not subject to the Federal Firearms Act, and it weighs only an ounce and a half. I know all this because in one last desperate moment it crossed my mind that I might have an effective counter in arguing with my landlord friends if I could claim to be equipped with the recommended Washington arsenal—a tear-gas bomb, a siren, and a big, mean dog at the end of a leash.

Thus it was that I found myself not long ago an embarrassed, skeptical customer in a local store being urged to take the handy two-cartridge kit plus two extra refills at a dollar each. But surely, I objected, that would be protesting too much —tear-gas bombs in anticipation of *four* separate assaults? Not at all, the saleswoman replied, but her every argument seemed to weaken her case. Indeed, she finally managed to set off a train of thought in my mind that led to a momentous decision. And that was when, to assure me of the bomb's dreadful potential, she reminisced about the day one had gone off by mistake in the store and everyone had had to rush, blinded and gagging, into the street. I had thought there was something odd about the illustration that accompanied the weapon. It shows a man wearing a kind of soft visored cap that used to be associated with criminality about to molest a woman at a bus stop. More fool he. She is letting him have it right in the face. Conveniently, however, even though they are only feet apart, the gas cloud is in his face, not in hers.

I did not mention this—my ultimate objection—to the lady because I couldn't be sure that she didn't have a Mr. John gas mask among her wares for just that emergency. But visions came to me. How did you set off the siren and fire the bomb at once? What if I incapacitated not only the man but my own beast and myself into the bargain? Did I really want to own a disagreeable dog? Or a bomb? Or a siren, for that matter? I would be a washout in an arms race; that much became clear to me. What then, were my options? You have guessed it. Then and there, in that extraordinary store, I opted for the hardened domicile site, or the hardened pad as they might put it in New York. I gave in.

I AM presently supplicating a corporate realtor in Georgetown for the privilege of paying him an unheard-of monthly sum to live in an apartment that barely meets my needs. The point is more universal than may be suggested by the fact that I can't afford it; I can't think of anyone who could. Naturally, there will be nothing left over for entertaining at those little Georgetown dinner parties one might as well give so long as one is there. It's probably just as well; there won't be enough left over for furniture anyway, which is after all a prerequisite for entertaining.

Now that I have found a place to live and lost just about everything to live for, my thoughts, you will not be surprised, have turned to vengeance. I think about it much of the time. And my conclusion is that just about the only form of revenge open to me is, in the modern mode, exemplary and sacrificial. It is not exactly that I am hoping to be murdered, but the desire to prove a point dies hard in me. And from time to time, I must admit, the news story seems to write itself in my head: "Police tonight still had no clues to the murder of a capital correspondent. Mystery thickened as their probe unfolded the story of a reporter living the life of a semi-recluse in a costly but empty apartment on one of Georgetown's most exclusive streets. They still have not ruled out the possibility of a 'man' who may have been subsidizing the quarters. Alarms but no descriptions have been sent out to thirty states. 'She never had folks in,' commented janitress Mrs. Mary Moody of the victim. 'But then none of them do. They're all pretty peculiar in this building. Just come home at night and set around in their apartments, those as can find anything to set on.' "

Would the true story of housing in Washington then be told? People have given their lives in lesser causes.

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Going Through the Motions

TOM F. DRIVER

No institution, not even the Church, is as closed in upon itself as the theatre at the present time. It has all the earmarks of a fashionable decadent religion. Customers who sat in the pews I occupied during September and October were denied all vision of how the world is or how it ought to be. In the mirrors that should have been held up to nature, they saw only the hustle and bustle of a theatrical priesthood. Like all priests, these were very intent upon what they were doing, but to the spectator it appeared that the main thing they were doing was just keeping busy.

When the theatre cannot think of anything else to talk about, it talks about itself. Therefore we have Mary Martin in *Jennie*. This is a soap operetta based on the sad story of Laurette Taylor, a saint of the trade. Now a good show about forlorn show people can move us by dramatizing the contrast between appearance and reality. But a bad show about them, instead of pointing to the irony of glamor, points nowhere at all. Apart from their glamor, show people are among the least interesting members of the population. The mistake of Arnold Schulman (book) and Howard Dietz (lyrics) was to suppose that Laurette Taylor's story is intrinsically interesting. On the contrary, it is banal. It becomes interesting only if we remember that Miss Taylor was brilliant on the stage. It was the job of the creators of *Jennie* to package banality in brilliance. They forgot the packaging. I expect they thought Mary Martin was enough. It is no fault of hers that she is not. After her years of baby sitting in children's theatre like *Peter Pan* and *The Sound of Music*, I did find it pleasant to see her in a grown-up part, but the vehicle is still no better than a baby carriage.

The ghost of Laurette Taylor is also being evoked Off Broadway in *Opening Night*, another show about show business. There too a star (Peggy Wood) is employed to tell us about when the star doesn't twinkle. But really, does it matter?

If you think show business is trivial, wait till you see what the stage can do with lawyers. *A Case of Libel* (by Henry Denker, based on the part of Louis Nizer's autobiography that tells how Quentin Reynolds sued Westbrook Pegler) and *The Advocate* (by Robert Noah, based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case) are examples of "Broadway liberalism," which consists of informing the audience that its political opinions couldn't be better. *A Case of Libel* is an almost-well-made play that preaches against McCarthyism. In 1950 it might have appeared bold. In 1963 it is a case of whipping a dead horse.

As for *The Advocate*, how many people are there nowadays who are surprised to learn that Sacco and Vanzetti were put to death by public opinion and not on evidence against them? Apparently not many, for the play closed after boring eight New York audiences and several hundred thousand viewers of television.

More lawyers at the Cherry Lane, or rather judges, who are responsible for *Corruption in the Palace of Justice*, rubbed in our faces by the late Italian playwright Ugo Betti. This must be the most inept exhortation to confession ever attempted. Since Betti wanted to indict us all, he remained vague about the exact nature of the crime supposed to have been committed by one or more judges on the bench. But in a judge's chamber, what crime is greater than vagueness? Or on a stage, for that matter? At this play, one guesses immediately what the theme is and never finds out what the details of the story are.

Bored with the irrelevance of the white man's theatre, I went hopefully to *Ballad for Bimshire*, which is by and of black men. I thought Loften Mitchell, who also wrote *Land Beyond the River*, would have something to say. I found the Negroes exuberantly imitating (not satirizing) the white man's musicals about Negroes. Somebody is cribbing.

Spoon River has become celebrated by having so few customers. Since it got good notices from all the newspapers, everybody is talking about why nobody is going to see it—a good example of theatre holding its own pulse. My diagnosis is that the show suffers from too little competition. If Broadway were livelier, the customer would say, "Let's go to the theatre." Not getting into his first choice, he would go to *Spoon River* instead, where he would have a very nice time. Still, it's no use pretending that Edgar Lee Masters can induce in us today anything more than a mild nostalgia. There is a place for this, but only in a theatre that also has a lot more on its mind.

The best new offering now to be seen is Peter Shaffer's *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye*, an import from London. Not that I think Mr. Shaffer is a very good observer of nature. The first of these two short plays is just a dish of pathos about a lonely young man, seasoned with some welcome comedy. But the second is pure comic invention. In Cristoforou, Mr. Shaffer has created an outlandish character who will be played for years to come, by professionals and amateurs, in every village and town. Mr. Shaffer knows his business. My only fear about him is that I don't yet see what is to keep him from becoming the next Terence Rattigan.

The British, who are in the theatre export business, have also sent us Arnold Wesker's *Chips with Everything*, which takes place in the Royal Air Force. This is an example of "Wesker liberalism" and consists of telling the audience that the English class system is bad. I believe it.

Ever since Eugène Scribe invented the well-made play about 1815, the theatre has been surfeited with plays ostensibly topical but actually drawing their vitality, such as it is, from the formulas of the trade. This kind of fare will always have a certain appeal to the muddled part of the middle class. What most theatrical producers don't realize is that this audience is now served all it needs by Hollywood and TV.

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No, But I've Seen the Movie

DEREK MORGAN

A MAN accumulates a lot of secret sins in his time, both of commission and omission. And as the years go by, he tends to cheat on many of them even to himself, becoming convinced that he has actually done things he ought to have done but in fact left undone. Take *Tom Jones*. Have you read it? You may well have been told to at some time. You may even have answered a question on it in some term paper. I am proud to say that I got a rather good mark on mine: "With this book, whose plot Coleridge ranked among the three greatest ever conceived, Henry Fielding established himself as the father of the English novel. . . ." You know the sort of stuff. But I cribbed it right out of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* just as you did and I never read *Tom Jones* at all and neither did you. Indignant letters to the contrary will be treated with contempt.

Any attempt to turn such a formidable classic into a movie would be disarming in its very courage. But what does one say about a production that brings it to the screen throbbing with a love of life that is completely irresistible? Well, to judge by the critics, one says a lot, and perhaps too much. Rarely has a movie opened to such unanimous ecstasies. It has been called "the movie of the decade" and "the best comedy ever made." In fact there is a danger that the film itself may be spoiled for you by the enthusiasm of the reviewers—that they will prepare you for some ultimate perfection which you're not going to get.

For this is not perfection by a long chalk. Most of the camera work is done in what I take to be soft focus and a lot of it in poor light as well. And while this is obviously intended to create mood, you will probably long for a few frames of good sharp photography. Then again, it goes on too long—as most movies do these days—and the very tempo and wit of most of it makes the occasional dragging scenes seem more pedestrian than they probably are: there is one notable dull spot at about the midway point when the scene shifts from the country to London, and the audience, which has been primed with inspired slapstick, is suddenly confronted with a switch to a more delicately tuned comedy of manners. Finally (for the sake of fairness), although John Osborne's screenplay keeps the huge cast of characters remarkably under control, some of the minor ones do get a little confused.

BUT to complain further would be surly. Let's assume that you have now been warned not to expect perfection. What *can* you expect?

You can expect an absolutely breathtaking picture of joyous barbarity in eighteenth-century England. Tony Richardson has used directing tricks galore: he speeds up action; he has his characters offer wildly funny asides to the audience when least expected; he ends scenes by vignetting from a panorama down to a single face—or simply by having someone hang his hat over the camera; he switches color tones boldly —notably in a magnificent Hogarthian representation of the London slums; he uses hand-held cameras to jostle you in the mob at Tyburn or to fling you into the midst of the lusting dogs and blood-crazed riders and shying terrified horses in the most brutal (and exciting) deer hunt you have ever seen; he even has silent sequences, complete with subtitles and a clippety-clop harpsichord accompaniment.

But the tricks are a small part of it. It is the splendid achievement of this film to create in two hours a world of people you will never forget. It is Fielding's achievement first of all (I suppose). Certainly it is Osborne's in boiling a huge novel down to a screenplay that is chock-ablock with nuance and detail and yet round and whole. Certainly Tony Richardson's too, in visually continuing the proliferation of detail while maintaining the unity and motion of the plot.

And what a plot, and what a world! Much has been said about the bawdiness of *Tom Jones*. And it is true that there is enough bedwork to populate a continent with bastards. But there is not a single moment of smut or dirt. These are people living violently and uproariously, very much in touch with birth and death and the means to both at the drop of a skirt or the flash of a sword. They eat like pigs, drink like fish, and you know what else.

The acting is almost without exception superb. It would be worth going to this film just to see Albert Finney, as the outrageous Mr. Jones, and Joyce Redman, as the flagrantly haveable Mrs. Waters, eat their way in wordless lechery through the most calorie-laden preparation for sinful bliss ever assembled. Or to see Hugh Griffith (who as Squire Western just about steals this tumultuous film with his swinish and enviable debauchery) rampaging drunkenly, dirtily, and insatiably among his peasant women. Or to see Diane Cilento, as the sluttish and beauteous Molly, break into uncontrollable laughter when, in the middle of a piteous, righteous tirade against Tom (who has got her almost unbelievably pregnant), a bedside curtain comes unstuck and reveals another of her customers, cowering naked, waiting his turn.

The film is so crammed with movement and laughter that the high points are a matter of personal choice. Joan Greenwood of the slow and sensuous consonant, Edith Evans, George Devine, David Tomlinson, and Peter Bull all play brilliantly. And let's not forget the idyllic purity of the love (legitimate thing this time) scenes between Finney and Susannah York as the chaste young heroine, and the magical instant when, in the midst of their springtime gaiety, a great actor becomes suddenly serious and the theatre at once is silent.

But for me, the most memorable moment of all comes when Mrs. Waters learns, some time after that lascivious meal and all that followed it, that Tom Jones may be her son. As hideous nightmares of Oedipal anguish crash in upon our reeling brains, Mrs. Waters turns our way (in one of Mr. Richardson's asides) and purses her lips in a suppressed giggle.

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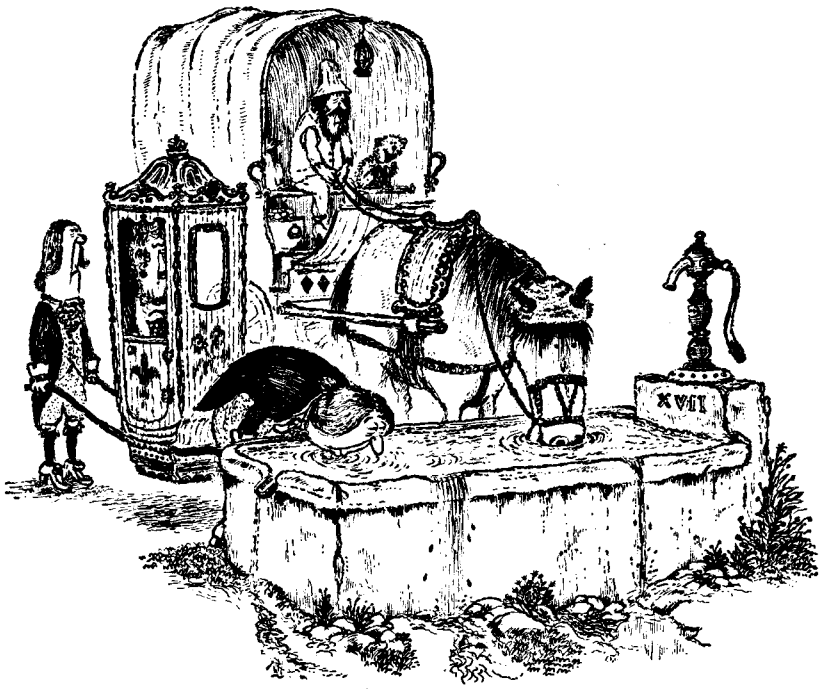

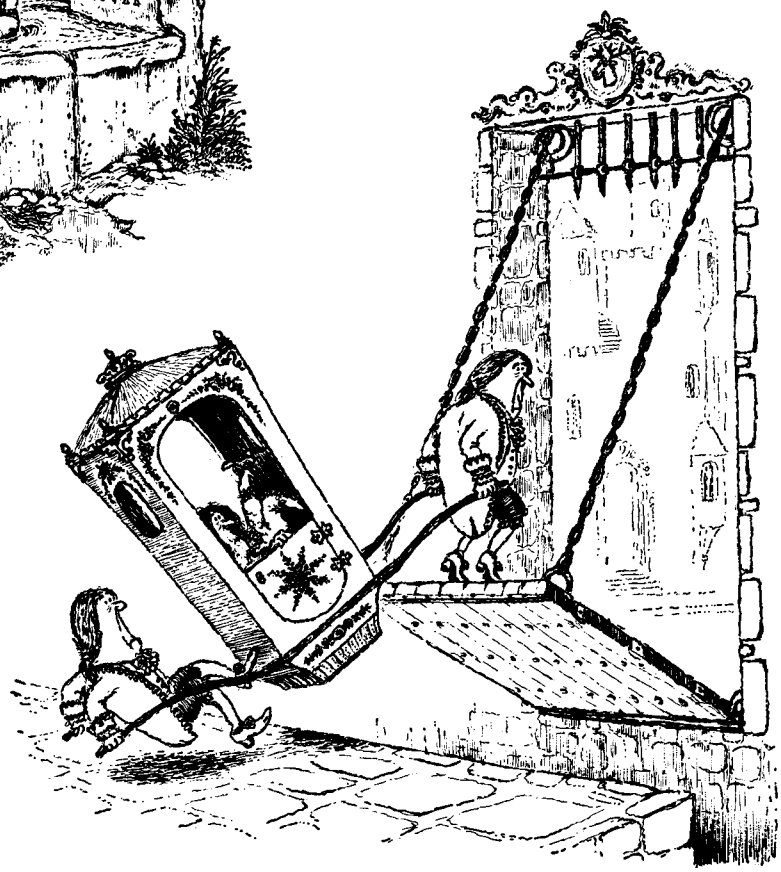

The Sedan

by Fernando Krahn

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BOOKS

The Counter-Reformation Comes to an End

ANDREW M. GREELEY

THE MIND OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN, by Daniel Callahan. *Scribner's. $3.95.*

It is clear that strange events are going on within the Church of Rome. A year and a half ago it appeared that the question of vernacular in Church services was a dead issue, that the clergy were in fact forbidden to discuss it publicly. Now the bishops of the world, in solemn and spectacular conclave assembled, almost unanimously legislate into existence a substantially vernacular liturgy. The Pope speaks of sharing the government of the Church with the bishops; some of the bishops, not to be outdone, announce that they feel they ought to share the government of their dioceses with the parish priests. As one cynical young curate observed, "The next thing I know my pastor is going to want to share the government of this parish with me. And that will be the day!"

While the external manifestations of the change are unquestionably headline-catching, the developments that have prepared the way for the "fresh air" of John XXIII and Paul VI and Vatican II have been under way for perhaps half a century; and close students of the recent history of the Church, while pleased with the "end of the Counter-Reformation," are hardly surprised.

Not the least of the causes of the recent changes (and also an effect of earlier changes) is the emergence of a new kind of Catholic lay intellectual, the layman who can combine the highest intellectual standards with a critical and realistic loyalty to the Church. Such a layman is Daniel Callahan, and it is about the mind of this "new breed" that he writes.

Make no mistake about it, Daniel Callahan is a "*Commonweal* Catholic." This is to say that he is a dedicated liberal, that he is dissatisfied with much of what he sees in American Catholicism, that he finds it very difficult to accept what goes on in many parishes (even though he understands the reasons for cultural lag), that he is embarrassed by what he takes to be the incompetence of many priests, and that if given an opportunity he would rather like to turn the organization of the American Church on its end or, better yet, start over from the beginning. As a *Commonweal* Catholic (indeed as an editor of that august journal), he is certain to be misunderstood by large numbers of clergy and laity and even to be written off as a dangerous radical, even if those who condemn him are not likely to bother reading what he really says. He is also likely to find that he is deluged with invitations for speaking engagements and has become in the eyes of a good number of people something of a folk hero. Finally, he is about to discover that he is on the winning side, that to be called a *Commonweal* Catholic is now suddenly a compliment, and that the *Commonweal* has become an Establishment journal as the Establishment rapidly makes its own the positions the *Commonweal* has taken for a couple of generations. This seems to be a day when prophets are being honored in their own country and among their own people.

The *Commonweal* Catholic is the product of a transition era, of a time when the institutions and ethos of American Catholicism were still pretty much those of an immigrant Church while some of the grandchildren of the immigrants were reading papal encyclicals and European theology books and wondering why their pastor did not read anything but the sports page. As the Universal Church moves out of the Counter-Reformation, the American Church is moving out of the city into suburbia; out of the immigrant ghetto into the mainstream of American life. The priest is no longer the unquestioned social and intellectual leader of his parish and will never be again (even, sad to say, if he has a Ph.D). The layman has begun to realize that he has other theological roles than taking up the Sunday collection. The transition is not always smooth, and for many a *Commonweal* Catholic it has been terribly painful. It is of the difficulty and the pain of transition that Callahan writes. Yet he can also write with the confidence and balance of a man who understands the reasons for the pain and sees light ahead.

Perhaps the main reason for the balance is that Callahan, unlike some of his fellow "New Laymen," can see the development of the Catholic laity in historical perspective. Indeed, the first half of the book is a review of the history of the laity in the American Church. Only after he has established a historical context does he turn to the problems of the present and the hopes of the future. While he can hardly be termed an optimist, he is reasonably confident that the New Laity will find an important place in the new model of the old Church.

Yet the laity are not the only ones. Looking at things from the biased point of view of the cleric, I cannot help but see things a bit differently than does Daniel Callahan. Quoting Father Fichter, Callahan suggests that the lay Catholic population is always ahead of the Church professionals. Of course, it is common knowledge that the mass of American laity have taken a far-sighted and courageous stand on racial justice while the hierarchy temporized, and everyone knows that it was the laity who in 1919 issued a "racial" economic and social program, that Msgrs. John Ryan and George Higgins have acted as agents for the laity, that the founders of the Catholic Action movements were all lay people (even some lay monsignors), and that only laymen subscribe to the *Commonweal.*

Clearly Callahan would not say

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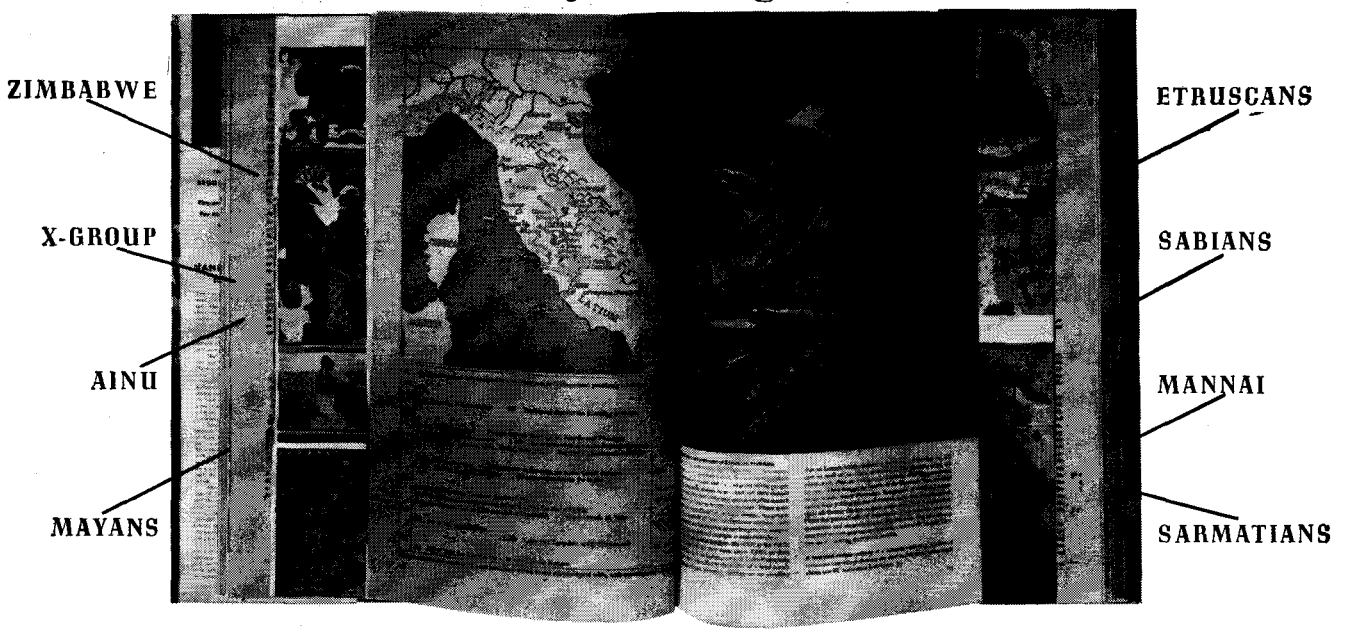

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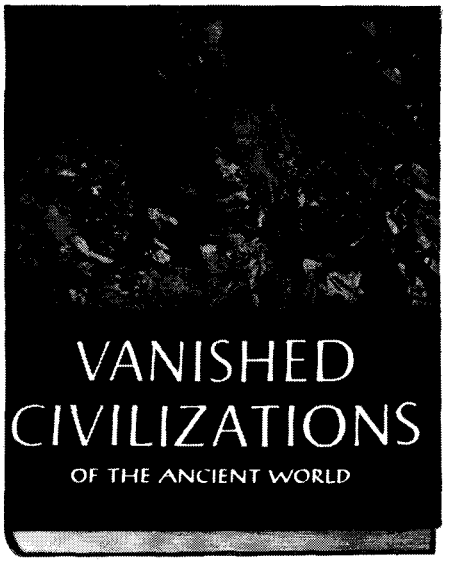

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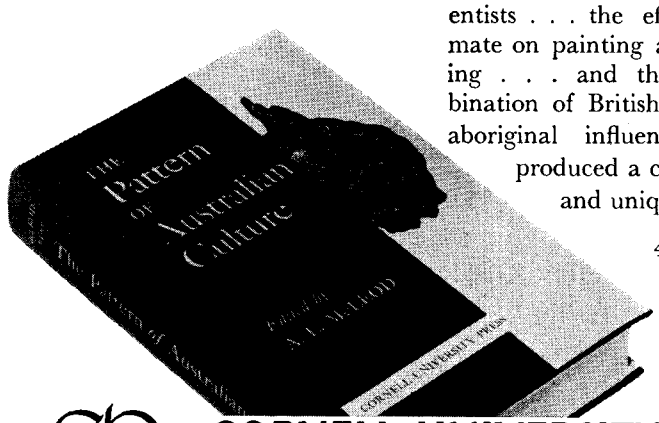

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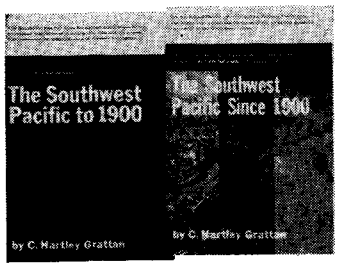

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these things. Yet the fact remains that the *Commonweal* Catholic, be he layman or cleric, is still something of a minority; and it is at least arguable that there is a greater proportional representation of the clergy in this select band than there is of the laity. If someone took a random sample of the hierarchy, a sample of the clergy, and a sample of the laity (even of the college-educated laity), I would be willing to bet that on a vast number of questions the first group would be the most progressive and the last group the least progressive. If any obliging foundation is interested in financing such a study, I would suggest that the first attitude to be investigated would be that on the race question; on this one I would surely win my bet.

THE TRUTH of the matter is that the *Commonweal* Catholic laymen are all too few; despite the efforts of the liberals in the clergy, there are simply not enough Daniel Callahans in the country, not nearly enough. By my definition the Callahans are not anti-clericals; but if they are, then give us more of them, because without them the *aggiornamento,* or updating, initiated by the Good Pope John will not get very far among Catholics in our republic.

And as their tribe increases, presumably the strains of transition will be seen not merely as stress between laity and clergy, but rather more precisely as the stress between those in the Church who fear the modern world and those who (like Pope John) welcome it. Perhaps as the years go on it will be seen that the categories "lay" and "clergy" are poor tools to discuss the *aggiornamento.*

A sure sign of the end of the transition will be the day when the first son of a *Commonweal* Catholic becomes a bishop, as many of them surely will. Against that day, and against the possibility that the bishop's name might be Callahan, let me conclude by observing that *The Mind of the Catholic Layman* is a book that none of us who are *Commonweal* Catholics—lay or clerical—can afford to miss; indeed in this ecumenical age, *Commonweal* Protestants and *Commonweal* Jews will want to read it too.

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Eisenhower: What Did He Want?

DOUGLASS CATER

THE WHITE HOUSE YEARS. MANDATE FOR CHANGE, 1953-1956, by Dwight D. Eisenhower. *Doubleday. $6.95.*

In July, 1954, soon after the Army-McCarthy debacle, an old Army friend wrote President Eisenhower a letter deploring the President's belief in the "Middle Way." Eisenhower, who quotes the exchange in this first installment of his Presidential memoirs, replied feelingly, "The generality that I advance is merely this: excluding the field of moral values, anything that affects or is proposed for masses of humans is wrong if the position it seeks is at either end of possible argument." This approach obviously elevates a President above the arena of political argument—indeed, it reduces all argument to a senseless conflict between extremists—and Eisenhower's successor in the White House has also proved adept at employing the technique to ridicule his critics.

BUT for Eisenhower, at least, the quest for the Middle Way was more than polemics. It was a personal philosophy to be applied to matters big and small, domestic and foreign. He pursued it relentlessly in his response to the crude affronts of McCarthyism. At times, cynical advisers could manipulate this tendency to their own advantage, as when campaign aides told him that to declare his admiration for General Marshall in Wisconsin "could be interpreted only as a 'chip-on-the-shoulder' attitude" and might be "inadvertently embarrassing" to General Marshall. In these memoirs, Eisenhower continues to profess surprise that the press should have interpreted the deletion from the prepared text of his speech as a capitulation to the McCarthyites.

According to Eisenhower's diagnosis, he took office at a time of ever-increasing governmental intervention in the economy. The eventual consequence, he had little doubt, would have been a socialistic take-over. Surveying his first term's accomplishment, he does not claim to have reversed directions, but merely to have veered toward a more central course. It is obvious that this gives him deep satisfaction.

This is not a personal account of Eisenhower's early years in the Presidency. There are few of the flavorful recollections that lent spice, if not always accuracy, to Truman's memoirs; none of the psychoanalytic passages studding Richard Nixon's *Six Crises;* little even of the muscular writing that made Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* a highly readable book. The general, who always preserved a disciplined aloofness in his public appearances while in the White House, finds it difficult to unbend.

As always, Eisenhower is reluctant to say harsh words about inadequate friends or unjust adversaries. He even expresses compassion for the late Martin Durkin of the plumbers and pipefitters' union, who served a brief and unhappy stint as his first Secretary of Labor. The Middle Way, it must be remembered, accommodated a wide variety of personalities ranging from Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, who has recently praised the John Birchites, to Nelson Rockefeller. But Eisenhower's reticence about dealing in personalities—except for a few crisp appraisals of the Soviet leaders at Geneva—leaves unexplored areas that are of keen interest to the historian. He contributes little, for example, to our understanding of his relationship with the Vice-President.

One detects between the lines that Eisenhower as President was more sensitive to criticism than he ever cared to let on. It comes out in the oblique excuse for his taste in music, which stirred so much scorn from Kennedy culturists: "Fred Waring and his orchestra appeared several times [in the White House] in response to numerous requests from former guests who were themselves repeaters at such affairs." His explanation for the much-belittled syntax of his press-conference utterances is more forthright: "By consistently focusing on ideas rather than on phrasing, I was able to avoid

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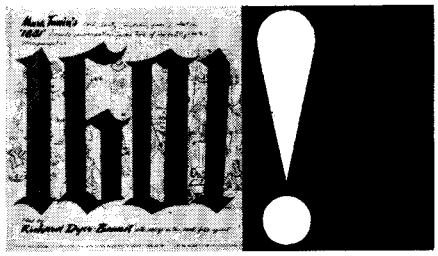

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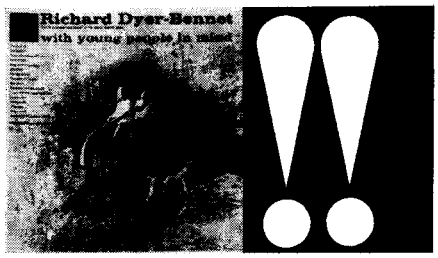

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causing the nation a serious setback through anything I said in many hours, over eight years, of intensive questioning." There was even a certain pride of obfuscation, one gathers, as when he recounts that he once rejected Press Secretary Hagerty's caution to avoid comment on the Formosa Strait crisis: " 'Don't worry, Jim,' I told him as we went out the door of my office, 'if that question comes up, I'll just confuse them.' "

But the book is short on this kind of personal anecdote. Its bulk is devoted to detailed accounting, supported by overly ample research assistance, of the principal battles by which he sought to win the Middle Way. In a lengthy recital of the ill-fated Dixon-Yates controversy, for example, he offers a statistical tabulation of the growth in the nation's private power output that resulted from administration encouragement. However, he offers no words of pride or apology to explain why TVA, which he had once labeled "creeping socialism," also emerged from the Eisenhower years stronger than ever.

In many ways the foreign episodes are the most revealing. Eisenhower neglects to mention the first term's slogans about "unleashing Chiang Kai-shek," "massive retaliation," and "agonizing reappraisal," which were known to be the handiwork of Secretary of State Dulles.

Quite evidently, there was less tendency to play fast and loose with foreign policy than appeared at the time. The public removal of restraints on the Chinese Nationalists was accompanied by secret agreements barring independent initiatives. Eisenhower claims never to have been tempted to try an air strike to relieve Dienbienphu, which could have been as unrewarding as Kennedy's misadventure in the Bay of Pigs. But he is convinced that his deliberate ambiguity on the matter of U.S. involvement did serve to restrain the Communists from behaving more aggressively than they did.

Eisenhower is at pains to justify the New Look in defense that took place during his first years in office, pointing out that war technology changed more rapidly in his first three years as President than it had during his entire military career. True enough, but there is still no getting around the fact that his budget ceilings imposed a severe handicap on the capabilities of the general's old service to fight limited wars. None of the celebrated confrontations with the Communists has diminished the importance of highly mobile ground troops as a way of avoiding an all-out nuclear confrontation.

IN RETROSPECT, Eisenhower's first term did have rather notable accomplishments. Measured alongside more recent legislative record, the Federal highway program, the St. Lawrence Seaway, the trade and foreign-aid bills, and the establishment of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare are not to be minimized. But on the Middle Way, we must remember, Eisenhower could send troops into Little Rock but refuse steadfastly to indicate whether he favored the Supreme Court's school decision. A decade later the Middle Way still seems more a polemical device than a national policy.

Marshall: Who Was He?

ROBERT P. KNAPP, JR.

GEORGE C. MARSHALL: EDUCATION OF A GENERAL, 1880-1939, by Forrest C. Pogue. *Viking. $7.50.*

Warfare in the twentieth century has produced not only new strategies, new weapons, and new tactics but also, in its vast scale and fearful complexities, a new type of soldier. The change is perhaps not so much in those who must meet the enemy face to face as in those who plan and direct the military operations of nations fighting on fronts that literally span the earth. The ultimately decisive actions have still been those of troop commanders on battlefields, but the scope of war has so expanded that one general can no longer, as did Grant in our Civil War, command the entire army of a great nation while directing day-to-day operations in the critical theater. The demands of time and distance, of

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 89

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

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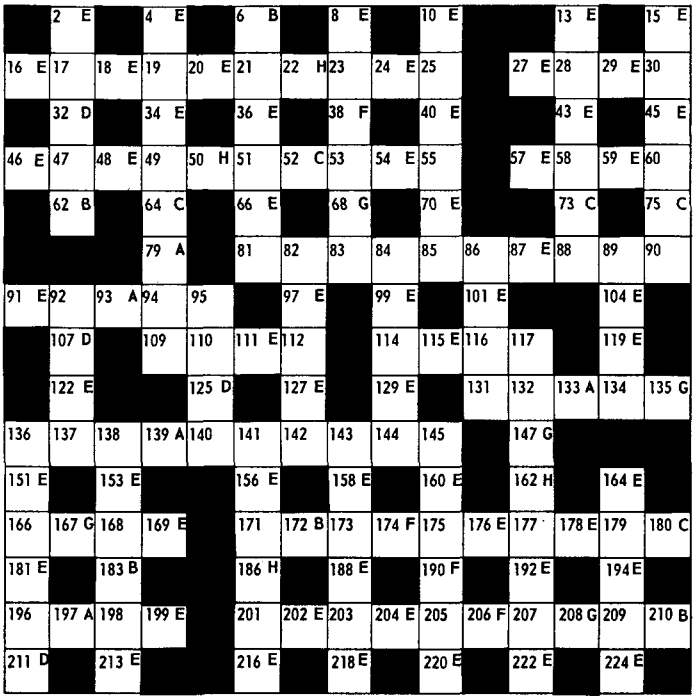

A
93 139 197 133 79 "How much the greatest _____ it is that ever happened in the world!" Charles James Fox, "On the Fall of the Bastille" (letter).

B
172 6 183 62 210 Heap up; acquire.

C
64 73 180 75 52 One of the Cities of the Plain.

D
211 107 32 125 "Which pillage they with merry march bring home, /to the _____ -royal of their emperor." Shakespeare, "Henry V."

E
2 216 87 15 111 122 160 34 156 27 218 202 13 4 101 129 48 213 57 176 164 70 91 220 104 224 59 46 115 192 8 153 40 20 99 18 151 43 16 36 178 10 158 194 66 222 119 54 199 169 45 188 127 204 181 24 29 97 Town in Wales noted for the length of its name.

F
174 38 206 190 An abbess or spiritual mother.

G
167 147 68 208 135 Wife of Balder.

H
162 186 50 22 Skillful, dextrous.

ACROSS

16. The tribal one I give freedom.
27. A Texas town has a cow, anyway.
46. Emily? Faugh! She's only part of what lived in the shoe (4,6).
57. Play it cool, man! It's crazy.
81. It's agreed it's stupid to be around late.
91. Welcome a Shakespearean actor.
109. A challenge in an indefinite series (slang).
114. What one has coming seems like a command to matrimony.
131. A kind of Persian rug found up in Anne's house.
136. When you proceed by car, have you ever had aid? (5,5).
166. Short communication of intelligence in formal style.
171. A leader and pal with fifty, but moved in the same way.
196. A prefix used in chemical formulae.
201. Stolen malt or things set aside.

DOWN

2. Peanuts character finds a pound in us.
4. A deer confused in the west tells us what you and I did at home (2,6).
6. Pacific people say "evil" in France!
8. Italian town of Francescan fame.
10. What goes with me in old and young ways (3,3).
13. Gloat with love over this uncouth fellow (slang).
15. What one is often up to— it's bad (2,4).
82. A part of a leg that may be place high after tea.
84. Indian town in the Spoon Area.
86. Caustics for affirmative with fifty.
89. Ireland may be discovered in fine rings.
92. But when a horse does this, this part doesn't go up.
95. A woman's high ornamental hair style of white tempered color.
117. Nautical blocks useful to marksmen.
136. Christian name of former President is Middle English man with a penny.
138. Disgrace if many find it so.
141. Summon a rind, I hear.
143. Enlist Nell or anyone else.
145. Tailed to enlarge upon it.
164. Famous oil man's name sounds as though he has greedy qualities.

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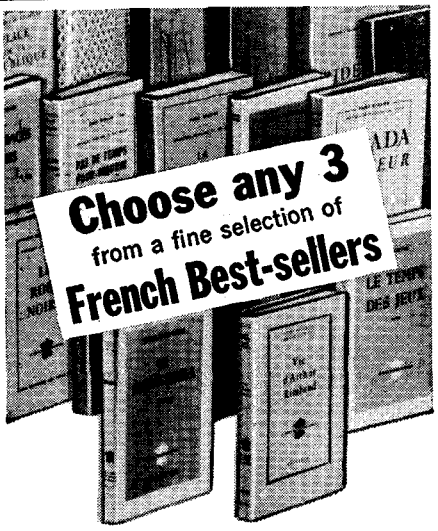

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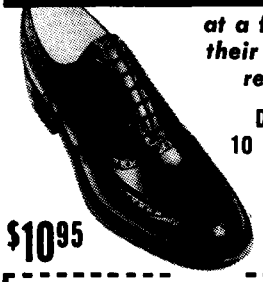

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diverse allies with conflicting aims, the proliferation of weapons and the problems of producing them, and the tremendous size and complex interrelationships of the military forces have all combined to make unprecedented demands on those who lead our military establishment.

Now that the Second World War is almost twenty years past, we may be inclined to accept without wonder the fact that when these new demands were made the United States found a man to their measure in General of the Army George C. Marshall. This first book of a projected three-volume biography is designed to tell how Marshall came to be what he was—or more accurately, how he made himself.

Marshall's accomplishments influence our lives today as much as those of any other man of his time; and they encompass far more than what he did as a soldier. We live also in the aftermath of the failures imputed to him. George C. Marshall's story is the story of Pearl Harbor, of victory in World War II, of a China turned Communist, of a revitalized Western Europe, and of the reorganization of our defense establishment. But his story is—or should be—also the story of a man. Mr. Pogue's knowledge and scholarship are always apparent without ever being obtrusive, and his writing is clear and never tedious. But what we seek and do not find in this book is a portrait of a human being, his thoughts and feelings, his philosophies and attitudes, his evaluations of those he knew and their personal, not official, evaluations of him.

Education of a General is unfortunately almost too literally the topic of the book. It is personal in that it is concerned with a particular general, but it is impersonal in the sense that General Marshall is not set apart in any critically significant way from the others who in 1939 were considered with him for the job of Chief of Staff. An equally interesting account no doubt could have been written of the first forty years of service of Hugh Drum, Marshall's leading competitor for the post. What emerges may fairly be taken by many as the picture of an unusually able military man with an unusually acute military mind. But Marshall, as the remainder of his

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life demonstrated, was much more than that, and it is difficult to accept the idea that he was not much more than that in 1939. The second and final volume of Grant's incomparable *Personal Memoirs* concludes with the end of the Civil War, but by the halfway mark in the first volume, with neither self-conscious pride nor humility, Grant has clearly defined his own character in terms that are equally relatable to the war of which he writes and to the Presidency of which he does not write. Winston Churchill's *My Early Life: A Roving Commission* ends at a time when he could have passed from the stage quickly forgotten, but Churchill the subaltern and Churchill the newspaperman are clearly the Churchill of the Battle of Britain, Churchill the grand strategist. Neither Nelson nor Napoleon put his life on paper, but from correspondence and above all from the vivid memories of intimates come three-dimensional figures. A reader of the present book who knew nothing else of George C. Marshall might with equal reason expect the next volumes to disclose a Joffre or a de Gaulle, a Ludendorff or a Robert E. Lee. The characteristics Mr. Pogue emphasizes—strong will, thoroughness, and a distaste for the stereotyped—are common to any outstanding military leader.

JAMES JONES in *From Here to Eternity* gave over a narrowly constricted period of time a sharply detailed account of the private soldier's Regular Army between the wars. Mr. Pogue in telling of General Marshall's career gives an equally well-drawn description of the same army over a much longer period. We would not expect nor want the life of a distinguished general to be described through the medium of higher-ranking versions of Jones's Prewitt and his comrades. But in his account of the army from the Spanish-American War to the Second World War, Marshall's biographer presents the army not even from the officers' side but from the official side. His book is a study of an environment through which his subject passed, and it faithfully records the passage. There are moments of self-examination and hesitation, as when Marshall considered leaving the Army and when he felt after thirty years that he was in danger of being sidetracked permanently, but there is no continuing picture of a man who was growing. Marshall's development is simply chronicled in terms of assignments and ever-increasing professional skill.

Must we assume that the personal side of George Marshall's life was not worth recording—that he moved through his early career in two dimensions, like the king in an Assyrian bas-relief? It seems more likely, however, that his biographer felt bound to observe his subject's famous reserve and his rare and commendable dislike of personality conflicts. Before, after, and during Marshall's tour as Chief of Staff, he had severe critics and detractors in the Army. Perhaps we should not expect to be informed of these service jealousies and feuds in what must be an "official" biography. But was there never a Marshall legend, a Marshall "touch," however much Marshall himself would surely have deprecated and shunned either? A reader of *Education of a General* might not unfairly conclude from it that the new type of soldier who sits at the nerve center of modern warfare must be very nearly as impersonal as the electronic machines that have taken over the simpler decisions. This is not to say that the author has made no attempt to present the general's private, nonmilitary life, but he has done so almost entirely through isolated incidents, with no theme of a full personality.

One meeting with a man can rarely furnish a key to his personality, but even to one who met Marshall only once and then but briefly, there was a warmth and depth, a genuine simplicity and directness of manner that are touched upon but never filled out in this first volume of Marshall's biography. It might have been better to have compressed the story of his rise to eminence so that it could have been combined with and related to great events of his later years. But the job has been done as carefully and thoroughly as one imagines George Marshall would have wanted. The book moves swiftly and lucidly; we look forward to the next volumes and to finding in them a more meaningful proportion between the man and the events.

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"PROBABLY NO AMERICAN *can understand the Asiatic concept of 'face.' This is perhaps fortunate. In view of how much 'face' the U.S. has lost in the Orient, we would have to burn Washington to recover it.*" Clare Boothe Luce, writing in the current issue of National Review.

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THE CRAFT OF INTELLIGENCE, by Allen Dulles. *Harper & Row. $4.95.*

It takes an effort these days to make oneself believe that even in a police state like Soviet Russia there exists a high-level government department with no function except to plan and carry out the assassination of the régime's enemies who have gone abroad. I had supposed that bureaucratized murder must have disappeared with the death of Stalin and the liquidation of Beria. Thanks to Mr. Dulles's book, I now know that the "Executive Action" section of the KGB, the Soviet secret service, continues to carry out murders in the name of ideology.

". . . In the subsequent era of so-called 'socialist legality' which was proclaimed by Khrushchev in 1956," Mr. Dulles reveals, "a later generation of exiled leaders was decimated. The only difference between the earlier and later crops of political murders lay in the subtlety and efficacy of the murder weapons. The mysterious deaths in Munich, in 1957 and 1959, of Lev Rebet and Stephen Bandera, leaders of the Ukrainian émigrés, were managed with a cyanide spray that killed almost instantaneously."

As Mr. Dulles points out, the importance the Soviet government continues to attach to the mission of the Executive Action section is demonstrated by the recent appointment of General Korovin (real name Nikolay B. Rodin) to head it. Korovin was the top-level KGB agent who as counselor of the Soviet embassy in London from 1953 to early 1961 was in charge of the subsequently notorious George Blake and William Vassall. It makes you wonder.

The Craft of Intelligence was not intended as a controversial book. The polemical tone is absent, the good faith transparent. There is, naturally, some earnest salesmanship in the cause of foreign intelligence as an essential component of the national security and on behalf of the

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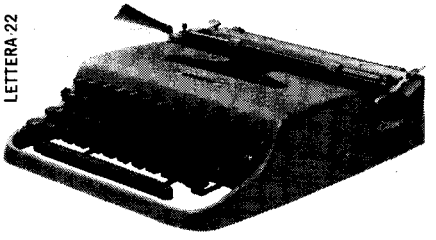

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CIA itself as an indispensable arm of government. There is not the slightest trace of any special pleading on behalf of Mr. Dulles's own role as director of the agency, no oblique jab at the administration that terminated it. Those who believe—I suspect with some justification—that his retirement in 1961 was a kind of ritual sacrifice for errors of judgment or character committed by persons outside his service in the Bay of Pigs fiasco will find nothing either to substantiate or to invalidate the suspicion. In or out of office, Allen Dulles is incorrigibly discreet, unfailingly gentlemanly. His book, a lucid, authoritatively documented primer on the art and profession of intelligence, apparently addressed to the general public, suffers occasionally from these virtues.

Yet thanks to the fantastic acceleration of history in our day, Mr. Dulles has produced at least a small bombshell in spite of himself. Retrospective shivers run down one's spine in reading his mild comments on the intelligence background of the Cuba crisis last year. Despite the "serious premonitions" of Dulles's successor at CIA, John A. McCone, the Washington intelligence community long refused to believe agent reports that Khrushchev was installing offensive missile bases in Cuba: he could not afford to run such a risk, the experts affirmed. Only after much argument, and barely in the nick of time, did the reconnaissance planes discover that Khrushchev didn't know the rules. "Cuba," Mr. Dulles observes, "is yet another instance to warn us that one must be prepared for Khrushchev to do the unexpected, the unusual, the shocking. . . ." The warning was merely prudent when Mr. Dulles was writing his book; today, some six or eight months later, with any heretical "premonitions" in the intelligence community far more effectively stifled than before and with belief in Khrushchev's irrevocable commitment to a durable détente reinforced, it sounds a great deal more pointed.

Like most professional intelligence officers in Western Europe, Mr. Dulles is convinced that the Soviets in adopting more subtle techniques of subversion have not abandoned their goal of destroying our society and establishing world dominion. His interesting and important thoughts on this subject no doubt had only a cautionary intent when he wrote them down; in the light of recent diplomatic developments they constitute an implicit but nonetheless disturbing critique of the Kennedy administration's Soviet policy. There are several hints in the book that Mr. Dulles's views on the critical and controversial issue of Khrushchev's long-range intentions toward the West are based on definite information of some kind. It is a great pity that he has not felt able to reveal the general nature of this information, if it exists.

Even if Mr. Dulles's opinion is merely the fruit of his years of experience in the intelligence craft and the "feel" for the enemy's intentions they have given him, it would be worth listening to. But if he wants it to illumine the national debate on the issue instead of merely adding controversial heat, he will have to bolster it with more sophisticated analysis than this book attempts to offer. No doubt he is preparing at some suitable moment to do so.

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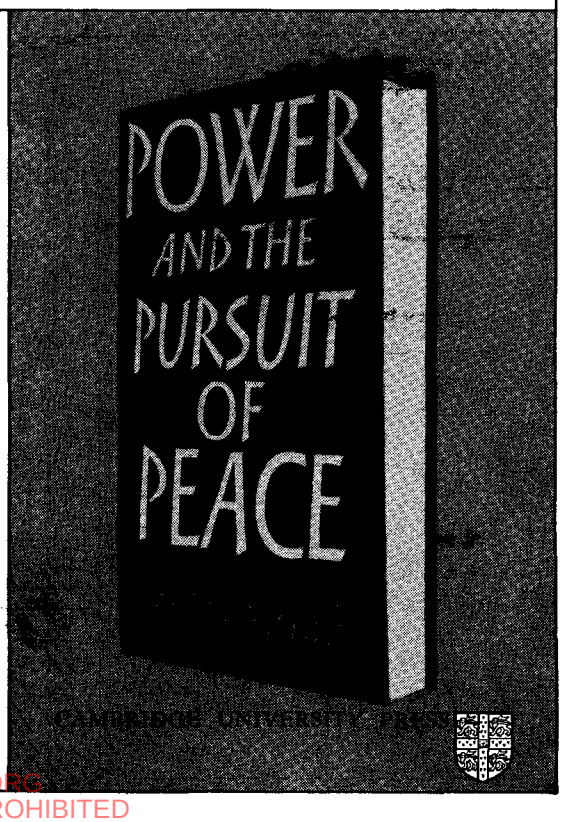

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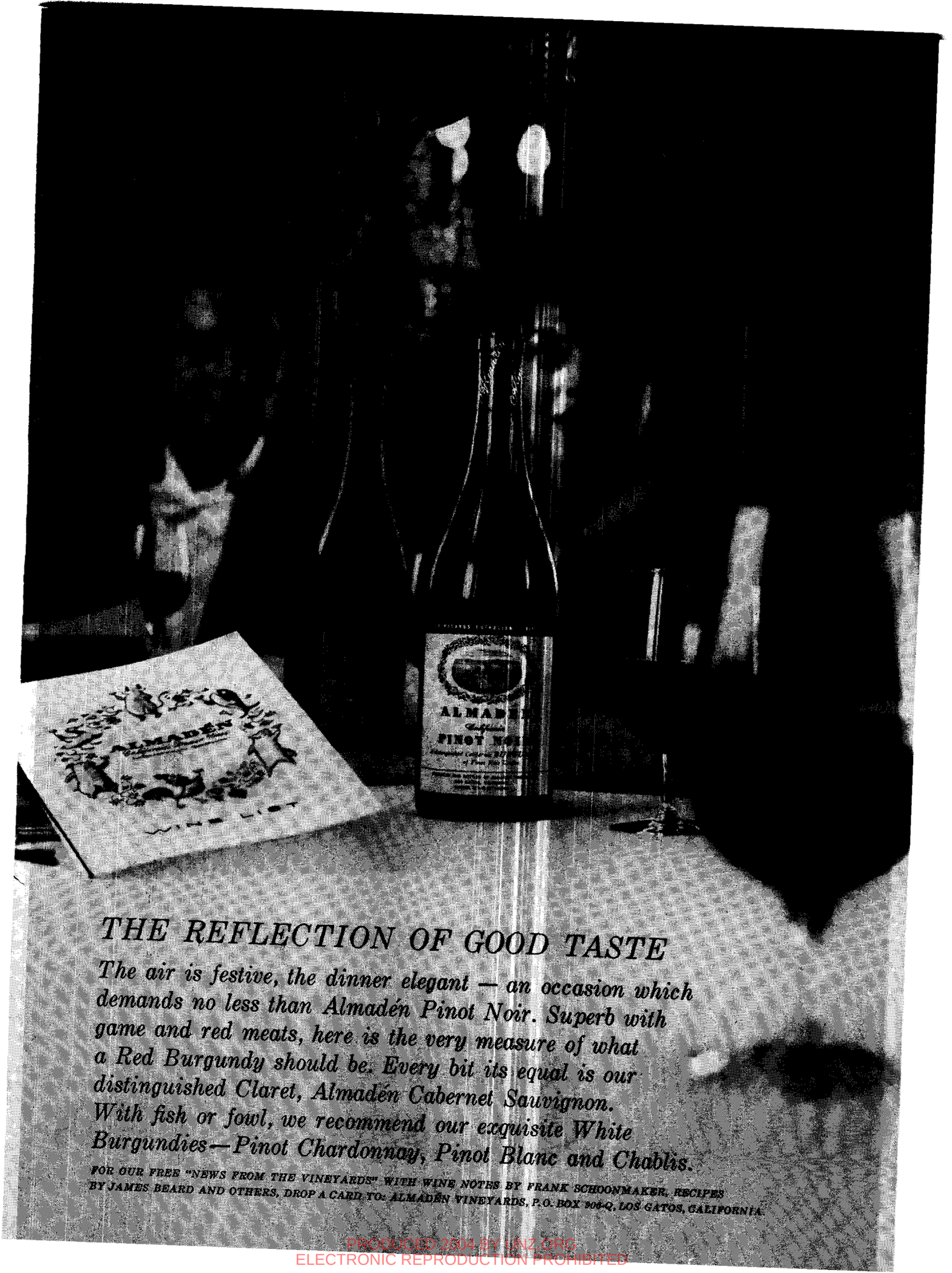

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